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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 36, NO. 1 JANUARY 1949

JANUARY SNOW

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Someone came here in silver moccasins
So quietly I heard no step, no sound;
Now silently beside my door she spins
A fine white skein and winds it round and round.
An ice-wool cloak has covered every bough,
And, cast in crystal, weeds have lovely shapes.
Where yesterday were rattling rushes, now
Are graceful forms in flowing, fleecy capes.
Like tiny candle flames the bittersweet
Holds up vermilion berries through the snow
As if it kept in glowing beads of heat
The summer moments, loath to let them go;
And on and on the spinner piles her wool
In endless patterns white and beautiful.

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The Cover: "White Peaks at Alta, Utah," Photograph by Warren Lee.

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The Relief Society General Presidency Examining a Beautiful Needlepoint Chair Covering Presented by Anna Schrade of Vienna, Swiss-Austrian Mission, for Use in the Proposed Relief Society Building.
Left to right: Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; President Belle S. Spafford; Counselor Velma N. Simonsen

New Year Greetings to Relief Society Women Everywhere

ONCE again the cycle of time brings to us a new year with its promise of new opportunities and experiences and with its rebirth of hope. It is good to face a new year filled with hope, faith, and dreams, to look forward to new opportunities and responsibilities, to anticipate untried undertakings and unexperienced events. It is good to face the new year with the composure and security that come from a firm, unwavering testimony of the gospel. It is good to face the new year fortified by the love, strength, and power that come from membership in a great and divinely inspired sisterhood which reaches out to the far corners of the earth and binds together in closest bonds of fellowship women of many lands.

This new year the general board extends its sincere love to the more than 100,000 women throughout the world who comprise the Relief Society sisterhood. May the new year bring to each one the opportunities, privileges, and responsibilities that go into making a good life.

We extend to you our deep appreciation for the contribution that each has made to the work of Relief Society during the past year. Your responsibilities have been heavy and unusual in nature and many of your tasks arduous. But with a diligence born of faith in the divinity of the work and with the spirit of loving devotion you have magnificently met each assignment, engraving on the history of Relief Society an enviable record of achievement for the year 1948.

As we go forward into another year, may the accomplishments of the past year sustain us. May we realize that each duty we have successfully performed and each task we have mastered have left us better qualified to meet whatever lies ahead.

As we go forward into another year may we continue strong in faith and in good works. May there emanate from Relief Society women everywhere a love for mankind. May there be a renewed determination to love the Lord and keep his commandments, for in this we most appropriately speak our gratitude for his manifold blessings unto us and we best equip ourselves to enjoy a happy and successful new year.

Affectionately,

BELLE S. SPAFFORD
MARIANNE C. SHARP
VELMA N. SIMONSEN
General Presidency

The Modern Family and Spirituality

Achsa E. Paxman

Member, Relief Society General Board

HOME is the first and most important school in life, and religion should be the foundation of its education. Everything we want our Church and community to be, we must begin to teach in the home, our first aim being manhood and womanhood. The most powerful and sustaining force in helping us to meet the realities of life is religion. It helps us to face danger, disappointments, and sorrow. Religious faith helps us to put our trust in the Lord and must be acquired early in life and exercised throughout life. It is a great influence and blessing in every Latter-day Saint home.

A mother is responsible for the atmosphere of the home. If our children are to do their part we must do ours. One of our leaders has said, "I am not afraid of the youth of this Church. What are you parents doing? Are you doing your part in every way?"

Unless we are more capable wives and wiser mothers who teach by example the principles of honesty, dependability, and righteousness, we have fallen short of our goal in spite of all our accomplishments. As mothers, it doesn't matter, when we die, whether we have scrubbed our floors every day or not, but it does matter whether we have taught our children the Word of Wisdom, and family prayers, and whether or not our children have a testimony of the gospel.

A few years ago the following suggestions were given by Dr. Wayne B. Hales as helps in family life:

1. Always be an example to your child.
2. Establish confidence among your boys and girls.
3. Establish traditions for your home so strong that nothing can come to break it. Have various days stand out as events in the home.
4. Use the agencies that are available for building character. Morality can be taught as well as arithmetic.

The parents who can plant devotion and faith in God in their children have already laid a good foundation for a fine and happy life. The value of the blessing on the food and family prayers gives spiritual joy and gratitude in the home. People who pray together do not get very far apart.

In our modern Latter-day Saint homes we must teach by example the principles of honesty, dependability, and righteousness. It is the responsibility of the home to teach the three R's: righteous living; reverence; and responsibility.

How do we teach righteousness? By righteous living. Reverence? By devotion to prayer and to Church principles and teachings. Responsibility? Each member should be given responsibility. Home work

should be shared so that parents and young people can spend some of their leisure time together.

WHAT a great advantage the Latter-day Saint people have as the Church provides a constructive program from childhood through maturity. What a great blessing it is to the family when the parents and the children are taking advantage of the auxiliary and Priesthood work provided for the family, and when the father can say, "This morning, son, it is Priesthood meeting, let us go together."

The mother who can inspire confidence that God is good and is looking after his children will promote faith and devotion in her boy and will build a foundation for Priesthood work. Her influence will be just as great with her daughters in their devotion to Church work.

A widowed mother with four children was suddenly bereft of her only adult kin, her mother. Of the trials and faith and courage, her oldest son said of his mother:

> I think it was not so much what she said as what she was. Her very life breathed into the souls of those about her a beautiful peace. This gentle, quiet, suffering little mother of mine lived into my life the feeling that heaven was near and that God was good to her and all of his children even in our sorrows.

Jesus believed that the way to get faith out of men is to show that you have faith in them; and from that great principle of executive management he never wavered.

Spirituality is the most important of all. If we seek guidance from our Father in heaven and strive to keep the principles and teachings of our Church and the commandments of God, we will be blessed with joy and power in our homes.

Teach children that everyone is to obey laws. Give a child commendation and praise for right actions. Everyone craves approval.

Dr. Popenoe expressed at a child welfare convention:

> The primary factor in education is the example of the child's own parents. Children learn life from the pattern their parents use. Children seem intuitively to absorb prejudices, whims, etc. of parents. The future of the individual depends upon the wisdom and guidance of the parents. The greatest part of the education your children receive comes from you.

Home, then, is the first and most important school in life, and religion should be the foundation of its education.

The Latter-day Saint home is where our boys and girls learn what life really is, what it means to know God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. Through our homes our children respond to the teachings in Primary, M.I.A., Sunday School, Priesthood work and seminary. Hidden treasures of knowledge unfold themselves; the standard works of the Church are clearer; life is infinitely happier.

May we believe with Oliver Wendell Holmes that: "It is faith in something which makes life worth living." And may that faith lead us into a religious response to life which will take us up from the level of compulsion, either of law or of conscience, to that higher ground of an enthusiastic devotion to the finest ideals we know.

"Life at its best is the life where one loves the Lord with all one's might, mind, and strength, and his neighbor as himself."

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the three prize winners in the 1948 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest.

This contest was announced in the June 1948 issue of the *Magazine*, and closed September 15, 1948.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Dorothy J. Roberts, 35 "F" Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Profile of Joseph."

The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Miranda Snow Walton, 165 West 5th South, Salt Lake City, for her poem "Another Mary."

The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Alice M. Burnett, 1128 East Elm Street, Lima, Ohio, for her poem "Infant Daughter of . . ."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1932, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

There were seventy-two poems submitted in this year's contest, as compared with 105 entered last year. Many of the poems submitted this year were of outstanding quality and revealed beauty of thoughts and literary technique of distinction, and nearly all of the entries were based upon an interesting and significant idea.

All of the 1948 prize winners have received previous awards in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. The general board congratulates the prize winners, and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest.

The general board wishes, also, to thank the three judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the general board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and biographical sketches of the prize-winning contestants, are published herewith.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

DOROTHY J. ROBERTS

First Prize Poem

Profile of Joseph

Dorothy J. Roberts

His words are muffled in the folds of time
Concealing lintels over Mary's door.
He leads a laden donkey through the lore
And plays his patient role in pantomime . . . .
Perhaps on sabbaths, cool beneath the lime,
His father pared life to the Adam-core
For him, shaping a boy's wild ways with more
Attunement to a still, celestial chime.

No lingering echoes legend Joseph's home,
Yet his compliance hints, without a chart,
That the flowing breast of wisdom fed his youth;
That sweetness from Judean honeycomb,
Pressed by a mother to his lips, was part
Of him whose largo dreams unmuted truth.

What gendered Joseph that his heart should hear
The angel summons; his discernment guide
The troubled Virgin as the night grew wide
And time's meridian star suffused the year?

What gentle heritage of hope could steer
His vision through a labyrinth, untried?
What courage, rooted deep within, denied
The hooded serpent of a whispering fear?
A manna from his forebears tinged his blood;
Their priestly trumpets quivered in his veins.
Their solemn altars marked the templed mind
Of the quiet Israelite who braved the flood
Of jeers that rumbled through Judean lanes;
Who talked with angels and whose way was kind.

His trail, wind-writhen on Egyptian sand,
Has under rimpled silver found its grave,
For desert is fluid as a breaking wave
And less than sea, is servile to the hand.
A veil is spun before the mystic strand
Of sphinx and pyramid. Luke cannot pave
The way with knowing, nor the Gospels save;
The Flight remains a phantom on the land.
But once, in Matthew, can his lathe be heard,
Faint as the first cicada's violin.
And once we watch him seek, with anxious brow,
An adolescent son . . . . Yet with no word
To point his personality, how thin
The cloth of centuries that shrouds him now.

More beautiful than bronze, his profile glows,
Faith on its Ararat among the snows.

Dorothy J. Roberts, Salt Lake City, is the wife of L. Paul Roberts, who is a member of the *Deseret News* staff. Mrs. Roberts, a gifted poet of fine accomplishment and great promise, is a member of the "Sonneteers," a group of Utah poets, and is represented with them in a recent anthology *Of Stone and Star*. She is also a member of the League of Utah Writers. Her poetry has appeared in Church and local publications for several years and is particularly familiar to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* who very much enjoyed her artistic poem "Your Heritage" which won first prize in the 1942 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. Mrs. Roberts has won many other poetry prizes and her frontispieces and other poems in *The Relief Society Magazine* have been recognized as outstanding contributions to the literature of the Latter-day Saints.

Mrs. Roberts summarizes her life thus briefly: "Born on a large ranch in a tiny house on stilts, born to nature and have loved it ever since. I never feel more at home than where weeds grow along a fence, and fruit lines the cellar shelves, and apples, carrots, and potatoes are piled in a pit. I love mountains near and far. I attended the University of Utah and have been a schoolteacher. My hobbies are sewing, cooking, music, and writing. I love poetry and all forms of literature for their inward and outward contours of beauty, and have taught the literature lessons in Relief Society for many years. I have two daughters whom I mention (not by name) in my book of poems, 'Blue Arrows,' as yet unpublished."

MIRANDA SNOW WALTON

Second Prize Poem

Another Mary

Miranda Snow Walton

Within the gates of Bethlehem
Another Mary stands;
Her suffering children, scourged and shamed,
Cry out from alien lands.
Fain would she gather them again
To David's white-walled spires,
But heathen hordes have overrun
The city of their sires.
Pagan kings have mocked the throne,
Their evil flag unfurled,
While the children of the covenant
Are outcasts of the world.

Within bereaved Jerusalem
Another Mary knows
The two-fold pain of motherhood—
Her own, her children's woes.
She gave them life, to be destroyed,
Despised, reviled, and slain;
It is a bitter thing to birth
A child foredoomed to pain.

The voice of ancient prophecy
Is filled in her despair:
"Woe be to those in latter days
Who would a man child bear."

Upon the hills of Calvary
Another Mary kneels,
She sees white crosses, row on row;
Each one a son! Man feels
The agony of death but once;
She pays the double price,
For man's intolerance to man
Has crucified her twice.

Miranda Snow Walton was born in the Bear River country of Wyoming, a daughter of Henry Brooks Snow and Anna Danielson Forbes. Writing poetry has, for many years, been a great joy to Mrs. Walton. In addition to the Latter-day Saint Church publications, her work has appeared in *Railroad Magazine*, the *Utah Magazine*, *Our Army*, *The Vet*, some thirty poetry magazines, and in many newspapers and anthologies, including *Utah Sings*. Mrs. Walton is the mother of a daughter Vivian (Mrs. Delbert Owens) and two sons, Jack and Claude Walton, who were of the fourth generation of one line and the fifth of another, to serve their country in the armed forces. Mrs. Walton, now a resident of Salt Lake City, visits the Bear River country frequently and is interested in writing about this picturesque region. *The Relief Society Magazine* readers will recall with pleasure Mrs. Walton's poem "Centennial Conversation" which was awarded the third prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1946 and which was published in the *Magazine* in January 1947. Also in 1947 a poem of Mrs. Walton's received third honorable mention in the contest of the Poetry Society of Colorado.

Alice M. Burnett, Lima, Ohio, was awarded first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1929 for her poem "My Neighbor." At that time Mrs. Burnett was Miss Walker and she lived in Redmesa, Colorado, where she was very active in Church work and held many executive positions in the auxiliary organizations. Her poems have appeared for many years in the L.D.S. Church magazines, in poetry publications, and in anthologies.

In commenting upon herself and her family, Mrs. Burnett writes: "My literary career began in Colorado before I was of school age, and while still in my teens I was selling both poetry and prose. Before coming to Ohio I was active in Church work and held many stake and ward offices. Recently a small branch has been organized here in Lima and my little granddaughter was the first child ever to be named and blessed under the Priesthood authority in this city. I have two sons living in Colorado, a daughter in Hawaii, and three grandchildren."

ALICE M. BURNETT

Third Prize Poem

"Infant Daughter of —"

Alice M. Burnett

If only they had waked me from that deep
And dreamless sleep,
And brought my baby daughter to my side,
If only I had held her once before she died,
And felt her precious head
So warm, and gently pressed
Against my breast.
But no, they made me sleep,
And so I did not know
Until she had been buried deep
Beneath the snow.
They said that it was best,
That I was weak and needed rest
Before I learned that she was dead.

Today, when spring has bared the ground,
I slipped away, and came
Out to the family plot, alone,
And here I found
The small, white stone
Which bears no name.
The tiny, purple iris bloom around—
I think she sent them to me as a sign—

And so, dear God above,
When all the children gather at your knee,
Will you please call this little girl of mine,
And kiss her once for me,
And name her "Iris," with her mother's love.

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the award winners in the short story contest which was announced in the June 1948 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed September 15, 1948.

The first prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Estelle Webb Thomas, Shiprock, New Mexico, for her story "The Hurrah's Nest."

The second prize of forty dollars is awarded to Myrtle M. Dean, 410 North 7th East, Provo, Utah, for her story "They Die in the Harness."

The third prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Mildred R. Stutz, Ephraim, Utah, for her story "Compromise."

This contest, first conducted by the Relief Society general board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of the *Magazine* for 1949.

Thirty-five manuscripts were submitted in the contest for 1948. Only one of the prize winners for this year had previously placed in the Relief Society Short Story Contest. Most of the stories entered in this contest were well written, many of them revealing professional quality in organization and technique.

This contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The general board feels that the response to this opportunity will continue to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

The Relief Society Magazine now has a circulation of nearly 80,000. There are subscribers in every state of the Union, and in many foreign countries, thus providing a varied and interested group of readers. Writers, recognizing this large and appreciative audience, realize the importance of entering in the contest their very best work.

The general board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the three judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The general board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

First Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

The Hurrah's Nest

Estelle Webb Thomas

ESTELLE WEBB THOMAS

"NOW don't get to thinking we're rich, dear!" Dad warned, but Mother only gave her disarming little laugh and said, mildly, "It's all a matter of attitude. I can be rich with the same amount of money you can be poor with!"

"Another dangling preposition, Mother!" Linda pointed out. Linda is majoring in English and watches for grammatical errors like Towser watches for rats. It's not what we say, that matters to her, but how we say it.

"I told you, dear, I'm not saying 'with which,'" Mother stated, firmly, "it's stilted!"

But Dad was not to be deflected by Linda's red herring, for that's what it was. She was trying to change the subject because, to us children, the very foundations of the home seem to rock when Dad and Mother don't agree. Now, don't get me wrong—my parents are tops, and lovely to each other. They practically never disagree except when their complexes conflict and, of course, they can't help that, for though both the poor dears have a complex, unfortunately, neither knows it, or would admit it if he did. Luckily, I understand all about such things since I started taking psychology under Dr. Ewing and can be a lot more tolerant than I once was. Dad, you see, is not at all to blame for his. He inherited it from his New England ancestors, who, due to the hard country and conditions of those early days, grew to be what Mother delicately calls "close" about money. Dad's a darling, but honestly, his fear of poverty and dependence in his old age amounts to an obsession and makes things pretty complicated at times, though at heart he's the soul of generosity.

He asked now, sternly, "Don't you ever think of trying to leave the children anything?"

"Certainly, I do," Mother replied, airily, "memories!"

"You'll find they can't eat memories, or wear them, either!"

"But happy memories feed the soul," Mother persisted perversely.

"The way these kids wear out shoes, I have to think more of *s-o-l-e-s* than of *s-o-u-l-s*," Dad growled, "and you'd better do the same!"

"What a low thought, Dad!" Maitland laughed, and got a withering glance in reply. If there's anything Dad hates worse than extravagance, it's puns.

MOTHER'S complex, by the way, is cleanliness. She wages an endless war with dirt, which wouldn't be so bad, except that we're all recruits in her army, sometimes unwilling ones, especially Maitland who, being a normal boy of fourteen, is really in the enemy's camp.

But, to get back to the present argument, which concerned Mother's pet plan to adopt a European family. Since Dad finally convinced her that at present he was able to support only one family, and if it was to be a European one, they'd have to put us children in an orphan asylum, Mother narrowed down her project to providing our foreign friends with a beautiful Christmas.

It was unfortunate that the time for sending the boxes overseas should also be the date for the Youth Convention, because Linda had set her heart on going and that made two big expenses at the same time. We were all languishing in the poor house at the mercy of heartless strangers before she had Dad talked over. But I noticed he had as much fun as any of us filling the Christmas boxes with good things to eat and wear that we knew would be real luxuries over there.

But after they were posted and Linda gone, Mother seemed to sort of droop. I found her in our room one day when I came from school, half-heartedly straightening the closet.

"Why, Mother," I protested, "I'll do our room."

But she shook her head. "It was Linda left it looking like a Hurrah's nest. I thought I'd just pick up a bit before you got home."

A disordered room always looks like a Hurrah's nest to Mother. Dad says it's the silliest expression in the language and tries to break her of using it, but Mother declares it describes just what she means and won't give it up.

I was really worried when she found the zipper of Linda's formal bag open and a cricket inside. She didn't even scold, just wrapped the cricket in a paper handkerchief and dropped it in the wastebasket and quietly zipped up the bag.

"What's the matter?" I burst out finally, "you look like three rainy days!"

"It's Christmas," Mother confessed dolefully, sitting down beside me on my bed. "No one to plan for but ourselves. But, of course, after sending all those boxes . . . ."

"You mean nobody's coming, not even Aunt Mary?"

"Well, dear, it's nobody's fault but my own, after all, those boxes were expensive and Linda's trip—and I promised Daddy . . . ." Mother looked out the window and blinked rapidly several times. "Aunt Mary will understand."

Mother's Aunt Mary is her nearest living relative and she not only spends every Christmas with us, but we send her the round trip ticket as well.

"But isn't Dad asking Cousin Sally and the children?"

"No. That's why I can't have Aunt Mary. It means a lot to Daddy to have Sally's family here."

AFTER Mother left I sat on doing some mental juggling with my Christmas money. But though I cut all gifts to the bone, I still couldn't manage Aunt Mary's ticket with that. I was forced to remember the cold cream jar full of coins I'd been saving for a new formal for the Christmas dance. Sadly, I kissed the dream goodby. It was to have been a black, slinky affair, and Mother wouldn't have let me wear it, anyway, and it wouldn't be Christmas to Mother without Aunt Mary. That would be my gift to her. It was hard to keep it a secret when I saw Mother listlessly cutting the fruitcake recipe in half and deciding against mince pies, since we don't care specially for them, though Sally's gang can eat a dozen.

And the bluer she got about Christmas, the fussier Mother got about keeping everything spic and span. She even said it was probably a good thing we were having no one for Christmas, company made such a mess. That was the day she told Dad his den looked like a Hurrah's nest.

"Now look here, my good woman," Dad protested, "that mysterious creature has nested in every room in the house, except mine, but I swear it's never been there! I wouldn't know a Hurrah if I'd meet it on the street!"

Mother wasn't amused. "I often wonder what you'd do if I'd die?" she said, in a martyred tone.

"We'd give you the most wonderful send-off a woman ever had!" Dad gazed dreamily out the window, "Flowers banked to the ceiling—sermon by . . . ."

"You don't have to have so much fun planning it!" Mother snapped, "and I don't mean the funeral, as you well know. I'd be satisfied with a few less flowers and the assurance you all had all your buttons!"

"That's the girl!" Dad patted her shoulder, which she says always makes her feel like a horse. "I think you'd better decide to stay with us till we get out of the helpless stage!"

"Which will be forever," Mother muttered, but she looked mollified.

This was an old story to us children, but we were always relieved when Dad had Mother kidded out of that particular mood. We noticed that if he joined enthusiastically in her talk about dying, the idea seemed to lose some of its charm.

But Mother was not the only one lacking the Christmas spirit. Dad wasn't his usual jovial self and even Maitland said suddenly one day while we were washing dishes, "Gee, everything seems tough! Got any money, Missy?"

Missy—that's me. Isn't it revolting? Maitland got rid of "Matey" by threatening to run away from home unless we called him his real name, but my real name is Artemesia. We inherited it, along with the Hurrah's nest, from Great-grandmother Wrenn, so you see why I stick to Missy.

Maitland had been wanting to do something about Aunt Mary or Sally, it seemed, but he has too many friends to ever have any money of his own. He looked relieved when I told him not to worry. Maitland has a lot of confidence in my sixteen years—the poor innocent!

Linda, too, was more aloof and difficult than usual these days, though as a freshman in college, she always likes to pull her rank on us high school kids. We tried to talk over the Christmas situation with her, but she seemed uninterested and even did her shopping alone.

THERE certainly was a different atmosphere at our house than ever before. No orgies of cooking, no family conclaves as to where we'd put the guests, no gay preparations at all; but, in a way, I was happy because for the first time in my life, I was thinking of Christmas in terms of someone else rather than myself. All that seemed to matter was that Mother be happy. I decided that I must be an adult at last.

I sent Aunt Mary a money order and told her I was writing as Mother was busy and not to bother to answer, and hoped she would take me literally. I was wishing, as I walked home, that I could do as much for Father. He loves having his widowed niece and her children for the holidays, we all do, but as he often tells me, I'm not rich.

I was so absorbed in my thoughts I almost stumbled over old Mr. Jacobson. It was dusk and I didn't see the gnome-like little figure clomping out of the alley.

He wears a built-up heel which gives him a peculiar, jerky walk and, for a moment, I was frightened, just as I used to be when Mother sent us to his house with a Christmas basket or a loaf of fresh bread. He always snatched the gift and banged the door in our faces. All the children in town were afraid of him, and tonight, I suddenly realized why. He had hated them because he was afraid of them, of their thoughtless cruelty, for he must have known they called him Rumplestiltskin and ridiculed his queer, misshapen figure, funny face, and heavy accent. He looked so little and old and lonely, I must have spoken more warmly than I knew, because he fairly beamed at me and kept repeating, what I very much doubted, "Dis vill be a happy Christmas! A happy, happy Christmas!"

"THERE's a new family in town," Linda said that night at dinner. Linda is also taking sociology and spends several nights a week at the Welfare Center. When she isn't chasing down grammatical errors, she's looking up civic ones.

"Sort of a pitiful case. The mother's in the hospital and the father has his hands full with five little children under ten. They haven't been able to find a house—are living in Brown's garage and it's dreadfully cold. The ten-year-old girl's taking care of the others while the father hunts work."

"A very merry bedtime story," Maitland observed. "Don't you see you've spoiled Mother's dinner?"

To everyone's horror, including her own, Linda shouted, "Maybe Mother's old enough to know the world's full of such happy situations

and they're not all in Europe!" Then she burst into tears and dashed blindly from the room.

You can imagine the tension there was when I didn't even ask Dad about the tree. Ever since Linda was big enough to sit in the car seat beside him, Dad has made a ceremony of taking us children to the forest for the Christmas tree. It was the biggest thrill of all, I think. Last year Linda had a date and only Maitland and I went with Dad, but it was still fun. Well, it's a sign of retarded mentality to hang onto childish practices, so I tried not to care when Dad didn't mention the tree this year. We really didn't need it for our grown-up gifts.

THE day before Christmas was cold and blowy and snowy, ideal weather if one had the Christmas spirit, but pretty depressing under the circumstances. Well, it couldn't help but cheer us up a little when Aunt Mary arrived. I wondered how I could sneak out the car to meet her, and if she'd ride with me when I did. Aunt Mary thinks no one under thirty should drive a car, and a woman never! It would never occur to her to take a taxi, however, so I had to try. But when I slipped out to the garage, there was Dad, just driving out.

He looked startled and muttered that he had an errand downtown.

"May I go, Dad, I have one, too?"

I could see I wasn't welcome, but climbed in anyway. This was chummy to what it would be when he found what my errand was. Strangely enough, he drove straight to the bus station and seemed not at all astonished when Aunt Mary, tiny and frail, waved gaily from the platform. Dad picked her up in a big bear hug as he always does, and carried her across the snow to the car. Aunt Mary kissed me warmly, but I thought she gave me an odd glance as we drove off.

There was no chance for explanations between Dad and me, and I was a little disappointed that, though Mother was delighted to see Aunt Mary, she didn't look surprised enough. Of course she couldn't let Aunt Mary see she was not expected. It began to seem a little more festive, with the two of them chattering in the kitchen while Mother prepared the Christmas Eve supper.

"Tell me all about everybody!" I heard her say.

Aunt Mary retorted, "Oh, I've got a lot of news, but first you tell me why I got three tickets? You couldn't have been that anxious to see me!"

Mother didn't have to answer, for at that moment, Dad, who had slipped away again, threw open the front door, and with a lot of laughter and shouting and feet stamping, Sally and her four rowdy youngsters rushed in. If Mother was surprised, they didn't know it, for her welcome was as heart-warming as ever. I took the dishes off again, and put another leaf in the dining table, and Mother beat up another batch of biscuits and did some juggling with cans and jars.

Meanwhile Dad winked at Maitland and they went out and returned, presently, with the biggest and prettiest tree we had ever had. Sometime, after Dad had sent for Sally, he and Maitland had got that tree. I felt a small pang that I had been left out, then remembered

about being retarded, and put it out of my mind.

Now it even smelled like Christmas! "We'll all turn in and trim it after supper," Dad said, jovially.

We were finally sitting down to the table when we heard a timid knock. Maitland, looking elaborately unconcerned, made no move to answer the door. I went, instead, and simply couldn't believe it when old Mr. Jacobson hobbled in, bowing and smiling and clutching an odd-shaped package in his arms. He had never before been known to enter any Centerville home but his own.

"Why, it's Rum—Mr. Jacobson!" I gasped and he said, beaming, "Goot efening, my dear! I trust I am not late. I wass preparing a Christmas goose in the Scandinavian manner and it delayed me!"

Maitland, who was staring out the window, trying to look as if he weren't the one who had invited Rumplestiltskin, now said loudly, "There's a Model T just bursting with kids." The next moment he said, still more loudly, "Why, it's stopping here!"

LINDA stood up suddenly and her face was white as a sheet. "I'll have to explain before they come in," she said rapidly, wadding her napkin into a ball, "I invited the Watsons to spend Christmas with us. It was so dreary—" She looked at Dad and then Mother defiantly. "I thought they might as well come tonight. Christmas means so much to children—or should—they didn't have a thing—not even a tree!" She glanced distractedly around the table, "I thought—I didn't know—"

I held my breath. She just mustn't tell all these people they weren't expected. But Dad was opening the door to the Watsons as if they were visiting royalty, and Mother was making room at the table for six more.

"Missy and Matey were just finishing!" she said, brightly, whisking away our loaded plates.

"We were?" Maitland's tone was belligerent, but he repeated, lamely, "Yes, we were," at Mother's significant flick of the eyes toward Rumplestiltskin beaming happily from her place.

Well, it turned out the gayest Christmas Eve of all. Maitland and I did the mountains of dishes, with Sally and the oldest Watson girl helping dry and then we all trimmed the tree. After that, we sang all the carols in the book, but when the children began to nod, there was a bad moment or two. Mr. Watson said, half-heartedly, he'd take his bunch home, but Linda, who had spent her entire Christmas fund on them (she said she knew we'd understand) was determined they would wake up to the loaded tree, and said confidently that Mother would think of something.

It was really Rumplestiltskin who came up with the idea of putting the children in the beds and the rest of us making a night of it. So, that's what happened. All the children, and finally Aunt Mary, were put to bed and, can you imagine it, the rest of us sat before the fire, popping corn and roasting apples and nuts, singing and talking all night long. It was Maitland's and my first experience of the kind, and we really felt flashy.

There was never a dull moment. Mr. Watson proved to be a har-

monica virtuoso and just happened to have one in his pocket. I never knew before that Sally was a mimic and could take off all the prominent radio performers, nor that Mother and Dad had sung duets when they were young until Aunt Mary insisted they do it again. Good, too. Linda and I played the two-handed pieces we thought we had outgrown, and Maitland recited, "Woodman, Spare That Tree!" We even rolled back the rugs and danced on Mother's highly polished floor. But the star performer was Rumplestiltskin. He told the most fascinating stories of Christmases in Denmark and his early life there and his travels and experiences since. Having an appreciative audience went to the lonely old fellow's head and his stories got better and better.

We were all surprised when the gray winter dawn broke up the party and the children trooped in to see the tree and get their gifts. In the ensuing hubbub, no one noticed that none of us received anything from the rest of the family, we had all given our gifts to the guests. Poor Maitland had spent his all on a red woolen muffler for Mr. Jacobson, but no gift ever brought greater joy.

Then the children must be washed and fed and got off to church, and the big Christmas dinner must be prepared. All the grownups took a hand at this, but it was Rumplestiltskin who did the most, and with wonderful results, for it seemed that once in his checkered career, he had been a chef.

It was early dusk of Christmas night when we told him, the last guest, goodbye. Aunt Mary, who was not leaving, had gone to bed, worn out with excitement.

After Rumplestiltskin had bowed himself out, still thanking us all, Dad put his arm around Mother. "Well, you had your Christmas, after all! Satisfied?"

Mother sighed, happily, "Oh, it was wonderful! But I'm afraid it was pretty expensive," she added, in a small voice.

"Undoubtedly!" Dad grinned, "and what's more, the whole place looks like a Hurrah's nest!"

"Who cares?" said Mother.

Estelle Webb Thomas, whose writings have appeared in the various Church magazines for many years, was awarded the M.I.A. Centennial Prize for her story "Eddie Had a Sweet Tooth." Mrs. Thomas has published stories, poems, and articles in a number of national periodicals, including *Common Ground, The American Weekly, Woman's World, Story Parade, Jack and Jill, Playmate,* the D. C. Cook Company religious publications, and many others. Her work reveals a broad and sympathetic understanding of people and their problems, as well as a unique craftsmanship and realistic character portrayal. *The Relief Society Magazine* readers will recall with pleasure her many fine contributions, particularly her outstanding story "Call It a Day" (July 1947). Her article "Latter-day Saint Pioneers in New Mexico" (April 1947) was of exceptional interest and beautifully composed.

Mr. Thomas is in Navajo Service at Shiprock, New Mexico, and the Thomases are the parents of three children. Wayne, the oldest, died in a Japanese prison camp in 1942. Ted is attending school in Maryland, and Kathleen is at Brigham Young University. Mrs. Thomas writes: "The one accomplishment of which I am vaingloriously proud is my children."

President Belle S. Spafford Elected to Office in the National Council of Women

Priscilla L. Evans

Former Relief Society General Board Member and former Corresponding Secretary, National Council of Women—1938-1948.

WITH the election of President Belle S. Spafford to the office of third vice-president of the National Council of Women of the United States, at the biennial meeting of the Council held in New York City on November 10th, 1948, recognition has again come to the women of the Church and to the great Relief Society organization over which Sister Spafford now presides. She will assume this added responsibility with capacity and with dignity. Wise in counsel, frank and sincere, friendly, tolerant, and with rich organizational experience, Sister Spafford will be warmly welcomed into the deliberations of the Council's board of directors.

It is an interesting experience, and one greatly to be desired, to meet intimately with the strong leadership of the women's organizations from all parts of the United States—women of integrity, of high ideals, and great moral strength, all with the common purpose of improving the status of women the world over.

From the time of President Zina D. H. Young, under whose administration the Relief Society joined the National Council of Women, to the present day, women representing the membership of the Relief Society have been active in Council affairs, serving as officers and as members of the executive committee of the board of directors and also as members of the standing committees of the Council. Their influence has been salutary and many close friendships have been developed. Today the Relief Society and its officers and representatives are held in the highest esteem.

On behalf of the women of the Relief Society in all lands we extend congratulations to President Spafford and wish for her success and satisfaction in this assignment.

The National Council of Women is a voluntary association of self-governing national organizations through which is made possible an interchange of ideas, experiences, and factual information on a nation-wide scale. It was founded in the year 1888 and at this first meeting, the Relief Society was represented by Emily S. Richards. Three years later, at the first triennial meeting of the Council, with the advice of President Wilford Woodruff, the Relief Society became a charter member, and still continues as a member, and through membership in the National Council, enjoys participation in the affairs of the International Council of Women which is composed of National Councils from many countries. The Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association is also a charter member of the Council.

THE objects and purposes of the Council were stated in the preamble of its constitution adopted at the time of its organization, and still remain the basis of the program of the Council:

We, women of the United States, sincerely believing that the best good of our homes and nation will be advanced by our own greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose, and that an organized movement will best conserve the highest good of the family and State, do hereby band ourselves together in a confederation of workers committed to the overthrow of all forms of ignorance and injustice, and to the application of the Golden Rule in society, custom and law.

The National Council does not itself sponsor activities of a controversial nature, but it does supply data to its members regarding the activities of other members. No member can, in any case, be committed to any cause or project by Council action except by its own vote. The Relief Society is entitled to twenty-five voting delegates at all conference sessions of the Council.

There is a high note of spirituality running through all the undertakings of the Council. This is what one would expect when women of every creed, nationality and color, and from every walk of life meet together with a common purpose. It is indeed a sisterhood and is often so referred to by the speakers of the convention. The words of Baroness Pol Boel of Brussels (President of the International Council of Women during the last World War) are illustrative of this sentiment:

As a citizen of her nation, woman's place is marked today beside the man, her brothers . . . She has to accomplish her task with the man beside her. As citizens of the world, she has not yet been able to give the measure of her possibilities, she has not yet realized the young forces that are in her. As mother, she creates life. More than man, she has the duty to defend this life which she has given and of which she is the guardian . . . Let us go forward, sisters, in this new crusade for the respect of human rights in a free world where, with the help of God, more justice and more love shall reign.

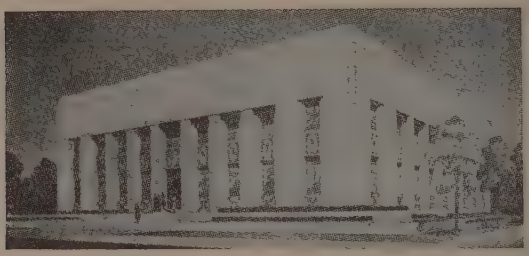
ARTIST

Gene Romolo

On wings of the wind, an artist came flying
From heights of the north, and through the night
He silently worked, energetically plying
His fine-tempered tools till the advent of light.

With feathery fronds, he etched every pane;
With spangles like stardust, he covered the trees.
He built, from the brook, a white, winding lane,
And formed diamond drops from the breath of a breeze . . . .
Even the lowliest shrubs were embossed
With the fragiley beautiful art of the Frost.

Relief Society Building News



THE names of the following branches in missions have not previously been published in *The Relief Society Magazine* as having completed their Building Fund quotas:

Aleamai Branch, Hawaiian
Durban, South African
Halaula Branch, Hawaiian
Hamstead Branch, Central Atlantic States
Hana Branch, Hawaiian
Hanapepe Branch, Hawaiian
Hartford Branch, New England
Honokaa Branch, Hawaiian
Honokohua Branch, Hawaiian
Honomakau Branch, Hawaiian
Honomu Branch, Hawaiian
Hoolehua Branch, Hawaiian
Huleia Branch, Hawaiian
Kahului Branch, Hawaiian
Kailua Branch, Hawaiian
Kainalu Branch, Hawaiian
Kalaoa Branch, Hawaiian
Kappa Branch, Hawaiian
Keanae Branch, Hawaiian
Keaukaha Branch, Hawaiian
Keei Branch, Hawaiian
Kekaha Branch, Hawaiian
Kihalani Branch, Hawaiian
Kihei Branch, Hawaiian
Kimberly Branch, Western Canadian
Koloa Branch, Hawaiian
Kukuau Branch, Hawaiian
Kukuihaele Branch, Hawaiian
Lahaina Branch, Hawaiian
Lanai Branch, Hawaiian
Lihue Branch, Hawaiian
Maukukona Branch, Hawaiian
Mowbray Branch, South African
Niulii Branch, Hawaiian
Northwestern Branch, South African
Paia Branch, Hawaiian
Peahi Branch, Hawaiian
Port Elizabeth Branch, South African
Pretoria Branch, South African
Pulehu Branch, Hawaiian
Puuanahulu Branch, Hawaiian
Sanford Branch, New England
Sea Point Branch, South African
Springs Branch, South African
Waiamea Branch, Hawaiian
Waiehu Branch, Hawaiian
Waihee Branch, Hawaiian
Waikapu Branch, Hawaiian
Wailuku Branch, Hawaiian
Waimea Branch, Hawaiian
Waiohinu Branch, Hawaiian

GIVE LOVE

Gertrude T. Koven

Give hope to those whose hopes are dead,
Give bread to those who have no bread;
Give joy where sorrow long has reigned,
And gain to those who have not gained.

Give peace where peace has never dwelt,
And kneel with those who have not knelt;
But love, give love to all mankind:
The sick, the lame, the halt, the blind.

Joanna

Margery S. Stewart

CHAPTER 1

EVERYONE left at last, the relatives, the neighbors, the acquaintances. They came to Joanna and kissed her and pressed her hand, murmuring over and over, "Be sure to let us know if we can help. Be sure, now."

Joanna nodded her bent head and repeated clumsily, "It was right nice of you to come . . . right nice of you. I'll let you know. We'll get along. . . . We'll get along some way."

The friends from Brigham City were the last to go. They had known her all her life. "You better come back," they said. "We can help you there . . . . Big city like this is no place for a widow with a family . . . ."

Joanna lifted her swollen face to them. She looked past the sun-browned faces of the men and saw again the hills of her home, the pleasant orchards of her childhood, the ordered fields, the roads, the little rivers that had known her bare, quick feet. She looked at the women's faces and saw the pity there. She saw her history in their compassionate eyes . . . . Joanna, young and impetuous, not willing to stay like other girls in the small, peaceful town, but running off to the city, to nothing better than waiting on table jobs and to marrying a man her folks had never met . . . . of whom no one approved. Too gay and quick talking, Joanna's man, David, too many dreams for making money, but not enough money from any of his jobs to pay for doctor bills when his and Joanna's four babies came along. Joanna's folks had paid for them. Joanna's folks had mortgaged their little house and their farm to pay for this and that which Joanna and her small brood had needed, until death had folded their stubborn, toil-hard hands and they could help no more.

The relatives would talk about David, Joanna knew, on the swift ride back to Brigham City. They would comment on his death. Typical of him, they would say, speeding down a mountain road in a car that should have been in a junk yard long ago . . . typical to have left no insurance, no paid house that a widow might use as a fortress.

Joanna went with the Brigham City people to the door. Their disapproval made no difference in their love for her. They wept over her, kissed her again and again. They bent and hugged the children, standing mute and big-eyed upon the battered porch.

"You come up to the farm," they said to Penelope. "We'll fatten you up."

PENNY stood stiffly in their arms, a thin, tall child, with long, black hair and her father's beautiful, winging brows.

David, no taller than Penny though two years older, endured their caresses with the stoic dignity of ten. Joanna saw how bleak his brown eyes looked without the laughter that always lived in them.

Sally, four, and Michael, two, took hugs and kisses as a matter of course, more interested in the wedges of cake in their grimy hands. They waved cheerfully to the departing guests. They turned to their mother. Sally held up her hand. "Bite?"

Obediently, Joanna took a bite, and could not swallow it. Her throat was dry and swollen, and fear was a lump she could not dislodge. The hose was trickling a thin stream on the small, discouraged lawn. Joanna knelt and lifted it and drank. She rose and dusted off the hem of her one good dress, navy blue crepe, with a white lace jabot. She went slowly down the cracked cement walk to the street. The street was not paved, only graveled. Now the gravel was almost hidden under the golden drift of cottonwood leaves from the trees that lined the street. The houses on either side were shabby and tumbled, red brick, most of them, with porches long in need of paint and with sagging, broken steps.

Joanna turned and looked at her own house. It was red brick, like the others. The door, behind the battered screen, was flanked by two square windows. The window on the right was cracked, brown sticking paper following its course.

She went up the path, up the stairs, into the house. She looked around the little sitting room, with its coal heater in the corner, the leatherette sofa along one wall, the chair that matched it standing against the opposite wall. Her treadle sewing machine stood under the starched lace of the curtains, mending spilled out of the reed basket. She looked at the threadbare rug, and the straight back chairs as if she were taking inventory. There were two pictures on the stained brown walls. One was "The Angelus." She had cut it out of a magazine and put it in an old frame. The other was also a magazine print, "Sunflowers" by Van Gogh. Joanna stared at it, dazedly, remembering how she had always loved the fierce, wild beauty of the sunflowers. She had imagined the mad artist plunging them violently into the squat vase. Today they seemed garish. She went past the picture into the kitchen.

The table was loaded with cakes and pies and covered dishes from the hands of kind neighbors. The kitchen range sent out a cheery warmth. She opened the lid and poured more coal from the bucket that stood on a newspaper. She looked at the linoleum, no one but herself knew that under the gay rag rugs the pattern was worn through to the boards. The kitchen chairs stood neatly against the green painted walls, Sally's battered doll on one of the gingham cushions. Joanna straightened the gaily embroidered dish towels on their rack. She went swiftly through the children's bedroom. There were only the two beds, covered with the quilts she had made from scraps her mother had sent her. She opened the door to the bathroom that would be icy cold all winter and closed it again. She went to the bedroom she had shared with David.

SHE touched the wooden footboard, her hands dragging. She smoothed the crocheted spread. She sat for a moment in the small rock-

er, where David had sat when he read to her. David's voice had been rich and beautiful. There had been a magic in listening to it, because it never mentioned doubt, or poverty, or grief, only the wonderful things . . . new inventions, the kindness of people, the marvelous stories he wove out of his own dreaming head.

Joanna went over to the bed and sat on it. She looked at the chair and saw David in it, the rich, bright waves of his dark hair, the winging brows, the beautiful square teeth. Laughter shone in him like candles . . . and something else . . . a child's belief in life, a belief in the ultimate reward.

"David," Joanna whispered. She looked down at her hands, palm up on the blue crepe skirt. They were large hands, the fingers square and spatulate, faintly calloused, worker's hands, accustomed to grasping the implements of toil. They were reddened from the harsh soap that Joanna bought because it was cheaper.

Her purse was lying open on the dresser. She rose and went over to it. Her reflection in the mirror came to meet her. She watched it come nearer. She looked at herself dispassionately, as one would look at a stranger. She had the long, big bones of her father. Her shoulders were wide, her neck was long and slender. She looked at her face. It was not pretty. There was no soft pink and whiteness, no pertness. It was a strong face. David had called it beautiful, finding pleasure in the high cheek bones and the square, firm jawline.

"You will always be lovely, Joanna," he had told her. "Time won't destroy this modeling . . . . You don't need jewels. Your eyes are so sapphire blue . . . stars caught in them. Is it love that makes your mouth so sweet to look upon? Love for me, Joanna?"

I am thirty-two, Joanna thought, and I look forty. All my life I've known women who have looked like I do today. I never knew why. She bent over her bag, finding the coin purse, emptying its contents on the dresser. One dollar and nineteen cents. She had declined every offer of help, declined it fiercely, frightened by it, the stern scorn of her father for shiftless folk who "took charity" ringing in her ears.

But one dollar and nineteen cents and pride were pitiful barriers against the coming days. Panic rose in her. She went swiftly to the front door and called young David. "Go, borrow a morning paper from Miss Smith. Tell her I'll send it right back."

She almost snatched the paper from him on his return. She took it back to her bedroom and sat in the rocker and tore it open to the want ad section. Three jobs in the "women wanted" section. All of them housemaids. Blind terror shook her, making her heart thunder in her breast, pushing the breath out of her lungs. She thought of the men she had seen, shuffling outside the soup kitchens on winter mornings. There was a woman on the next street who had put her children in an orphanage, while she slaved for the meager wages a downtown cafe paid. Depression. A spectre, striking food from children's mouths, driving people out of their homes.

(*Continued on page 39*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1889

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

NEW YEAR'S MORNING

Only a night from Old to New!
Never a night such changes brought.
The Old Year had its work to do;
No New Year miracles are wrought.
Always a night from old to new!
Night and the healing balm of sleep!
Each morn is New Year's morn come true
Morn of a festival to keep.

—H. H.

SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY: On the 29th of December last, 1888, Sister Sarah M. Kimball reached the seventieth anniversary of her birth. Sister Kimball has in many respects been a remarkable woman, and at the present writing is as brilliant in mind, and as capable of mental activity as she was at forty. Sister Kimball has the honor of being the first woman to lay the cornerstone of the first Relief Society building erected in this dispensation. She thus describes it:—

November 13, 1868 a silver trowel and mallet, were furnished me, and, assisted by a Master Mason, and surrounded by an assemblage of people, I had the honor of laying the corner-stone of the first Relief Society building erected in this dispensation. —E. B. W.

SALT LAKE STAKE: The Relief Society conference of Salt Lake Stake was held in the Assembly Rooms in the Fourteenth Ward, Salt Lake City, Dec. 20th, 1888, commencing at 10 a.m. Sister Helen Mar Whitney: "We have more reason to be thankful to God than any people on the earth; we have not much of this world's goods, but we should be grateful that we are here and not among those who are promoting dissension and war. We are enjoying comparative peace; let us read the words of the Prophet, and increase our interest in the youth of Zion; it is the wayward we should pray for; let us be charitable and merciful one to another. We are nearing the day of famine, and let us be prepared for it."—Elizabeth Howard, Secretary

NOTES AND NEWS: There are more than 2,700,000 women in Belgium engaged in industrial pursuits, mostly very poorly paid. But when one woman asks to be a lawyer—a profession in which ability commands honor and profit—her application is refused by the court, and she is told that a woman's sphere is to marry, not to labor for her own support.

There are about 70,000 lace makers in Normandy, and in all France there are nearly 200,000 women engaged in this industry.

BY-AND-BY

Be quiet, restless heart! The long light lies
In gleams of lingering sunshine on the hill;
The home-bound swallow, twittering as he flies,
Makes silence seem more still.

—Primitive Methodist

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

A group of Relief Society women from Essex County, New Jersey, with true Latter-day Saint thrift in their bones, saved vegetable crops from being plowed under by going out to farms and picking the vegetables for canning purposes. Pauline Thomander, President of the East Orange Relief Society, read in a newspaper that the crops would be plowed under, as a protest against low market prices, and immediately went into action. A local newspaper carried a picture of Mrs. Thomander and Mrs. (Constance) Hyde, a class leader in the same organization, happily at work. Other Latter-day Saint women from Montclair and the Oranges, continued the work the following day.

ABOARD President Truman's train, during his recent campaigning tour, was a handsome young woman from Copenhagen, Adelheid Nielson, who was reporting for a Danish newspaper.

HAZEL BRANNON of Mississippi, at thirty-four, is publisher, owner, and editor of two newspapers in her State. She has won national press prizes.

ALL of Finland's libraries will be directed by a woman, Elia S. Wirla, who has been studying and traveling in the United States. Mrs. Wirla says many libraries were destroyed during the war. She expressed Finland's gratitude to the United States for gifts to her country to help rebuild its stock. She was amazed at the library facilities in this country.

TAKING part in plays presented by the Mutual Improvement Associations helped Marilyn Robinson of Ogden, Utah, to scale the talent ladder which was instrumental in her winning out in one of the talent contests held in Atlantic City in August. "Miss Utah" of 1947, Miss Robinson was one of the finalists for the crown of "Miss America," and won a first place in dramatics in the talent contests. The young lady sings, dances, is an expert swimmer and diver, and has won unusual acclaim for playing leading roles in University of Utah dramatic presentations. Besides all this, her scholastic rating is exceptionally high. Interested as she is in dramatics—and talented—she expects to marry and hopes to have a family.

CENSUS officials believe that by 1950 there will be sixty per cent more women between the ages of forty-five and sixty-four employed than there were in 1940—an increase of one and one-half million. The best assets for job hunters in this age bracket are courage and good health.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 36 JANUARY 1949 NO. 1

Renascence 1949

A rejuvenation of hope and expectancy seems to herald the arrival of each new year, and as the echo of the pealing of the bells sounds there is born in the heart the echo of a dream of better things to come.

A review of the sorrows, disappointments, and failings of a passing year inspires a fervent prayer for greater strength to overcome and achieve in the oncoming year.

A woman may quickly judge for herself the success she has attained in keeping her home clean and attractive, but it may be difficult for her to judge her success in enriching the intellectual and spiritual growth of her family.

She may rather easily evaluate her obedience to certain definite commandments—the payment of tithes and offerings, observance of the Word of Wisdom, but be less sure of her response to that second great commandment—to love her neighbor as herself. Often it would seem easier to sacrifice than to refrain from a malicious tale or defamation of a character; easier to forego certain foods than heed the call of the despairing.

And yet one's life here foreshadows one's life in the hereafter. Whatever degree of intelligence one attains to in this life will rise with one in the resurrection. One's character, one's desires, and one's appetites do not change with the change from mortality to immortality. As Alma explained to one of his sons many centuries ago:

> Do not suppose because it has been spoken concerning restoration, that ye shall be restored from sin to righteousness . . . . restoration is to bring back again evil for evil, or carnal for carnal, or devilish for devilish—good for that which is good; righteousness for that which is righteous; just for that which is just; merciful for that which is merciful . . . . (Alma 41:10, 13).

To live each day of the coming year so that goodness, righteousness, justice, and mercy will be restored at the time of restoration is the great goal to seek. Only the present moment need ever be lived. By eschewing temptation now and living in righteousness now, any Latter-day Saint may begin to build, through the coming year, a celestial pattern into which she will fit as the Great Designer intends.

No matter how far distant the goal may appear from a review of one's actions during 1948, let a rejuvenation of faith and hope surge in the heart, and a resolution be taken to live in the year 1949 so as to rise far above the valleys of doubt and darkness of this present world to eventually achieve eternal life in the highest kingdom of glory.

M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

No Meeting February 22, 1949

ALTHOUGH Tuesday, February 22, 1949, is a holiday, a social science lesson has been outlined for February since some Relief Societies hold their meetings on days other than Tuesday. It is suggested that Relief Societies which meet on Tuesdays present the February 22 social science lesson on March 22 and the March 22 lesson on the fifth Tuesday, March 29, or combine the February and March social science lessons and present them together on March 22.

Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day in March 1949, has been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society.

Suggestive plans for this evening meeting are being prepared by the general board and will be sent to the stakes in bulletin form.

It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting.

Bound Volumes of 1948 Relief Society Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1948 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through the office of the General Board, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $1.75, including the index. If the leather binding is preferred the cost is $2.75. If bound volumes are requested and the *Magazines* for binding are not supplied by the person making the request, the charge for furnishing the *Magazines* will be $1.50, which will be added to the cost of the binding, thus making the total cost for cloth-bound volumes $3.25 and for leather-bound volumes $4.25. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is suggested that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1948 *Magazine* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Temporary Binders Available

SUBSTANTIAL temporary binders, into which single copies of the *Magazine* for one year may be inserted or removed at will, are available for $1.20 postpaid.

Quick and Easy Dinners

Sara Mills

THERE was a time when a person could say, "Come have bread and milk with us," and mean it. In the year 1949, however, entertaining is a little more complicated. And it isn't your fault or mine.

As a substitute for bread and milk, I have a number of simple menus. They leave a maximum of visiting time, and what is more important, they also leave the cook with enough energy to want to talk. If they need further recommendation, they are nutritious, an important virtue these days. Either of the two meals listed below can be prepared in an hour—if the cook is nimble.

Dinner No. 1

Canned consomme with crackers or croutons
*Baked sweet potatoes with crushed pineapple
Fried ham
Peas, frozen or canned
Tossed green salad
Dinner rolls
Fruit

Dinner No. 2

*Bean, tomato, and sausage casserole
*Green salad or cabbage chop suey
French bread toasted in oven with garlic butter
*Pineapple cream

RECIPES

Baked sweet potatoes with crushed pineapple

Sweet potatoes (1 good-sized one for each guest)
Can of crushed pineapple (1 small can for each four guests)
Butter and salt

Work for menu No. 1 begins with sweet potatoes. Bake in a hot oven enough potatoes for each guest and one or two extras. Let the potatoes cool enough to handle, then split them down the center and empty the insides into a large bowl, leaving the skins intact. Add the crushed pineapple, juice and all, then season with salt and butter. Go easy on the salt and be generous with the butter, which may be part margarine, and beat well. Now return the pineapple mixture to the shells, topping each potato with a little butter. Return to the oven and brown slightly. Serve immediately.

While the potatoes are baking, open your can or cans of consomme, bring to a boil, and simmer gently for a few minutes. Serve each cup with a scattering of finely chopped parsley and a thin slice of lemon. While the consomme is heating, fry your ham gently, timing its finish with the browning of the potatoes. While the potatoes are browning, cook your frozen peas. Cook them in a very little water until they are barely tender. For that extra flavor add a few sprigs of parsley and a sprig of fresh mint or fresh thyme and season with cream. If you don't keep French dressing on hand, mix it right after your potatoes are popped into the oven. Spare a minute somewhere to place your salad greens into a garlic-rubbed bowl, and cover them with a damp cloth and place them in the refrigerator. Don't bring them to the table until the last minute. Heat your dinner rolls and there you are. For dessert have fresh or canned fruit, chilled.

Bean, tomato, and sausage casserole

1 can of red kidney beans or pre-cooked dried beans
1 can of solid pack tomatoes
½ medium-sized onion sliced and sauteed in butter
½ green pepper sliced and sauteed with onion in butter

1 can of Vienna sausage (small) or 1 can of pork sausage
Seasonings: salt, pepper, ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce, paprika, dash of Tabasco sauce
Coarse bread crumbs and butter
(serves 4-6)

Sautee the sliced onions and green pepper in butter until a delicate brown, then add the canned kidney beans or pre-cooked dried beans, the can of solid pack tomatoes, the sliced sausages, and the seasonings. Bring to a boil and place in a casserole. Top with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in a 375° oven from one half to three quarters of an hour.

Cabbage chop suey

1 tbs. bacon fat
4 cups shredded cabbage
1 ¼ cups thinly sliced celery
1 green pepper (bell) sliced thin
1 medium-sized onion sliced thin

This is a four-star vegetable dish, crammed with vitamins. Start shredding your cabbage the second the casserole dish is in the oven. When the vegetables are prepared, melt the tablespoon of bacon fat in a heavy aluminum dish. Add the vegetables and seasonings and cover tightly. Steam from eight to twelve minutes. Twice during the cooking, you may stir the vegetables lightly. The vegetables should be firm, barely cooked through. And serve at once. The recipe gives enough for six.

Pineapple cream

2 cups milk
2/3 cups sugar
2 tbs. cornstarch
2 eggs separated
¼ tsp. salt
1 small can of pineapple from which juice has been drained

This dish can be prepared beforehand, but if necessary, it can be made after the beans are in the oven and before the cabbage dish is started. Heat the milk in a double boiler. Mix the dry ingredients and add gradually to the milk, stirring constantly while the milk thickens. Cook twelve minutes, then add the beaten egg yolks to which a little of the milk mixture has been added. Stir and cook for three more minutes. Remove from heat and add pineapple and whites of eggs beaten stiff. Cool and serve with pineapple sauce.

Pineapple sauce

Juice from crushed pineapple and enough water to make a cup
1 tbs. lemon juice
1 tbs. flour
1/3 cup sugar
1 tbs. butter

Heat the liquid. Mix the flour and sugar and add to the hot liquid. Cook until clear. Add lemon juice and butter and cool.

Serve this dinner with a basket of French bread and garlic seasoned butter, hot from the oven. Hot chocolate may be served with it also.

A SNOWFALL

Julene J. Cushing

Let me keep the white peace of this day,
When glistening snow banks the garden wall,
And lines the lilac trees, each mounded spray
Majestic as a frozen waterfall.

Let me hold cool shadows from the space
Where honeysuckle points a silver wand,
And crusted patterns fringed in icy lace,
Now frame an etching on the lily pond.

The Dress

Fay Tarlock

PART I

JANIE Carlson lived with her parents and five younger brothers and sisters in a paint-worn house with a sagging front porch and a lean-to in back. It was one of the houses built in Ronsville after the log cabin and adobe period, but before the brick and clapboard era. The Carlsons were good people, eager for their children to go to church and school, and to succeed where they had succumbed. The father dissipated none of the wages he earned as a handy man and day worker. The mother aided with a little sewing and practical nursing, though she was not particularly adept in either field.

Janie was nearly eighteen and a senior in high school. She was a slender girl with fair brown hair worn in a long, straight bob. Her features were delicately made and she had pleasant hazel eyes. Her voice was wont to have a nasal sound; giggling came easier than laughter. On cold days she wore a rusty brown coat with a tight belt.

She had only the vaguest of ambitions . . . to get a job away from Ronsville, preferably in an office. If she stayed in Ronsville, she would marry Don Betger. Don was a good-looking boy, willing to work at odd jobs in town when he could not find outside employment. He had skipped high school. Janie did not approve of the things he did, but he was a gay dance partner and her only beau.

On an early spring morning she walked late into her English lit. class. Miss Ardman was reading as Janie slid quietly into a rear seat. Janie opened her book to the section of Victorian poetry and quietly found the right page. For a teacher Miss Ardman was all right. She was young, even though she wore horn-rimmed glasses over her brown eyes and twisted her dark hair into a neat knot at the nape of her neck. And she was about Janie's size. Covertly Janie watched her as she read, remembering not to chew her gum.

Beginning a new poem, Miss Ardman read in her clear voice:

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadows or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain...

Not bad for poetry, Janie thought as she let her eyes wander out of the window to look at the wet pavement and bare, dripping branches. That's just how it was last night, "the lisp of leaves and the ripple of . . ."

Abruptly Janie brought her gaze back to the classroom. Miss Ardman and the others were looking at her. She felt the hot color sweep up her neck and onto her cheeks. With lowered eyes she found the poem.

"This is the fourth time you've been late this week," Miss Ardman said. "Last week you were late five times. I don't like to take class time to remind you, but you have inter-

rupted us so many times I feel justified."

Janie did not raise her eyes.

"Is it," Miss Ardman went on with controlled patience, "because you have work to do, or is it just because it is too hard to get up in time?"

I wonder if she has ever waked up with the light just strong enough to show the stained wallpaper and felt like there was a cold hand in her stomach, Janie thought resentfully. She hasn't wondered what was going to happen after high school. She hasn't stared at the torn place in the paper and known there was nothing ahead.

MISS Ardman had a way of lifting up her face as if she knew exactly what she was going to say. She knew where she was going and how.

When the silence grew too awkward, Janie said, without lifting her eyes, "It's because I hate to get up."

Miss Ardman sighed, a gentle sigh. Then her face lighted as if she had a sudden idea. "That," she said, "is a fault common to us all. Have you ever heard of Marcus Aurelius, Janie?"

Janie shook her head and some members of the class snickered.

"Marcus Aurelius lived way back in the second century," Miss Ardman said, placing her hands in front of her and looking directly at Janie. "He was both a ruler and a philosopher. He was also a warrior and quite prominent in his day. Yet he had the same trouble you have. He hated to get up in the morning. Would you like to hear how he overcame his difficulty?"

The class was very still. Janie could hear their breathing while they looked at her. "I guess so," she said diffidently, returning their gaze.

Opening a little brown book on her desk, Miss Ardman read:

> In the morning, when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present—I am rising to the work of a human being. Why then am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist and for which I was brought into this world? Or have I been made for this, to lie in the bedclothes and keep myself warm?

She closed the little book and took off her glasses. It was very quiet in the room.

"Perhaps," she said, smiling into Janie's sullen hazel eyes, "if you regard this class as part of your work in the world, you could have a little more enthusiasm for it. Do you think you could?"

Maybe this was the end of the scolding. "Sure, I'll try," Janie answered affably. She waited for the teacher to resume reading.

Before she picked up her glasses, Miss Ardman looked out of the window. Then she pulled her top drawer open and took out a notebook. "I have permission from Mr. Symes to take up some class matters. Since we do not seem to be in the mood for poetry, we will discuss your problems."

There was a pleasant stir in the class. "I sure got us out of some old poetry," Janie thought, pleased with herself.

"It is about the senior class play," Miss Ardman was saying.

Janie's elation passed. She knew about the old play, had even gone to a reading of it. Janie had not even bothered to write her part

preference. A fat chance she had of getting a part!

"Last night I cast the play," Miss Ardman pronounced. "I took into consideration your choices; for the most part they coincided with my judgment. Here is the list. If for any reason any one of you is not satisfied, see me privately after class." She opened the notebook and began to read.

Janie doodled with her pencil, interested in a detached way. The parts were just about as she would have cast them. John Rons had the lead, naturally. John was student-body president, star of football and track, and he was going to be a lawyer. Life had made Janie into a realist. She did not often waste time thinking of John Rons, but if chance had given her a fur coat, a convertible car, a diamond ring, her home painted inside and out, a trip to Florida, and a year's supply of frozen foods, along with a complete wardrobe, she would have traded everything straight over for a date with John Rons.

The girls' parts, except for the lead and the maid and the cook, were about equal. Doreen and Janice, the two most popular girls in school, were right for the college girls. Now all the parts, except that of Marjorie, John's girl friend in the play, were read. When Miss Ardman came to the last name, there was an expectant hush. Janie told herself that she didn't care who got it.

"Marjorie," Miss Ardman read, "Janie Carlson." Then she closed the notebook.

JANIE'S mouth flew open as if some one had pressed a button. She couldn't believe what she had heard. It must be true for all the class members were staring at her. And John Rons wasn't controlling his displeasure.

Miss Ardman ignored the stares. "I wish every one of you could have a part in the play," she told them, opening the notebook again. "And there is a place for everyone in the production of the play." She went on to read the names of those who would assume the work of production. Everyone in the class of twenty-five had a job. Rehearsal, she said, would be in the afternoon, beginning today. The play would be ready in a little over a month's time.

When the electric bell rang the seniors filed out, talking excitedly. No one came to congratulate Janie except Amy Huff, the homeliest girl in the class and an excellent student.

"I know you can do it, Janie," she said in her kind, low voice.

"Gee, I don't see why she picked on me," said Janie scornfully as she gathered up her books and papers, "I've never been in a play before."

"Don't you want to be in a play?"

Janie almost jumped. Miss Ardman was standing in the aisle opposite her.

"Why yes," she admitted, twisting her handkerchief and chewing the forbidden gum in her embarrassment, "only some of the others would be better, I guess."

"I think you'll do very well." Then the teacher placed her slender long fingers on the sleeve of Janie's rusty brown coat and said in a lowered voice, "I want you to do the part well, and you can—if you are willing to work. After rehearsal,

will you let me help you with your voice and posture? There are a few tricks that will help a lot."

"Why, gosh, Miss Ardman, you bet I'll stay." Janie put down her books and in her enthusiasm pressed her hands together until the knuckles showed white. "I'll work all night if it will do any good."

"Just a little hard work before bedtime will be sufficient," Miss Ardman answered primly.

Janie felt herself blushing again. "I'll make it to class early, I promise." She walked out of the room behind Miss Ardman and Amy, her head soaring, her limbs light and warm. It was true.

WHEN she came home from school a week or so later, it was almost dark. Her mother was in the lean-to kitchen, cooking supper, her brothers and sisters playing in the front yard. "You failed Mrs. Marsh again," her mother reproached her.

"I told Mrs. Marsh I couldn't take care of her children while I was rehearsing. She hasn't anything to beef about." Janie's voice was toneless as she threw her books on the table and washed her hands at the kitchen sink. She had rehearsed for two hours and spent another hour with Miss Ardman. The kitchen seemed shabbier, more hopeless.

"I don't see how I can get your new dress unless you earn some of it yourself," Mrs. Carlson said, stuffing some wood into the stove.

"I can't rehearse all afternoon and tend kids, too," Janie started to say. But she checked her words. It wasn't Ma's fault. She picked up her books and started to set the table.

"You couldn't borrow a dress from Miss Ardman, could you?" her mother asked hopefully.

"The only evening dress I've seen her wear is a black one. We've all got to be dressed in springtime dresses, bright and fluffy, like the play itself." She didn't want to tell her mother that she would like this dress to be her own.

"What are the other girls wearing?" Her mother ventured, not looking at Janie.

"Janice has a new green chiffon, Doreen has a pink, lacy one, and Norma has a yellowish taffeta with a white jacket. Miss Ardman said mine could be white." Janie cut the bread in thick slices as she spoke.

"Why, that's fine," Mrs. Carlson said, her tired face beaming. "I'll make one that will do for graduation, too."

"Oh, Ma," Janie protested, "this is to be an evening dress. It can be cut low and have a full, swishy skirt. It has to be a sophisticated dress, not a kid graduation dress."

Mrs. Carlson stooped to open the oven door. "You'll just have to make one dress do for both."

Janie was silent. She knew Ma would get her the dress if she could. She picked up her American history book and balanced it on her head, walking along a crack in the linoleum, crossing one foot in front of the other. "Ma," she said, stopping by the door to turn, "why did you marry Pa?" She watched slight anger rise in her mother's face and subside.

Mrs. Carlson looked squarely at her daughter. "Since you've asked it," she said in a flat voice, "I'll tell

you. I liked him for some of the things you like in Don."

Janie was shocked into sudden understanding. "You mean that he was like Don, good fun at a dance or at a party?"

"He was, but he was more, too. He was a good boy." Janice could feel her mother's eyes on her. "He was always a good worker," Mrs. Carlson emphasized. "And he didn't have the bad habits Don has. I can tell you now," she ended, looking searchingly at Janie, "I've had a lot more out of life than you'll ever get if you marry Don Betger."

"Oh, I'm not going to marry Don," Janie retorted lightly as she resumed her posture walking. But she felt cold inside. When she contemplated marriage, it was to have far more than she saw at home. And I'm going to have more, she promised herself harshly. She heard the rattle of her father's car outside and put down the book. No matter what, she decided, I'll have the right dress for the play.

THE rehearsal period was nearly over; still Janie had not mentioned the dress again to her mother. One late afternoon she lagged behind the others, waiting for Miss Ardman, humiliation and resentment within her for what had just happened. It began in the love scene with John Rons. Miss Ardman told him to kiss Marjorie now and hereafter in rehearsal.

"Oh, gee, Miss Ardman, do I have to do it every time?" John had pleaded, distaste in his voice. "If you'll let me off in rehearsals, I'll do it big the night of the play. I promise I will."

The others had laughed cruelly and John had retreated, leaving Janie alone on the stage in her humiliation. It took self-control to keep Janie in the auditorium. Only the thought of more laughter when she walked out had held her.

"There's no need for further private instructions, as I've told you before, Janie," Miss Ardman said, a slight note of exasperation in her voice. "You've shown marvelous improvement. The twang is all but gone. Just keep up the work at home," she ended kindly.

Janie knew the teacher was tired, dead tired. She wished there was no need to bother her. "I'll keep trying, right up to the last," she promised meekly. "But can I—may I walk home with you?" She knew her face was red.

"Of course," Miss Ardman replied. "Just hold these while I gather my papers to be graded." She placed her books in Janie's hands.

Outside it was early twilight. The trees with their swollen buds were sweet with the promise of spring. The mountains towered dark and quiet beyond the town. Janie and the teacher walked in silence, breathing the soft air.

"All you need," Miss Ardman said suddenly, "is to have a little more confidence, a little more spontaneity."

Janie's smile was forced. "All I need is to change everything, I guess."

"You're feeling sorry for yourself!" Miss Ardman said it sharply.

"You saw John this afternoon." Janie's voice was bitter and it came from deep inside her.

"John Rons is a conceited young

man." Miss Ardman spoke too quickly. "Don't worry about it."

"Oh, I've got along without any special attention from him." Janie tried to give her words a light touch. "I can worry along. But," she said with deep conviction, "he wouldn't hate me that night if I had a pretty dress to wear." She felt as if a ton had dropped from her. It was good to have Miss Ardman know.

Miss Ardman stopped so suddenly that she almost stumbled into a pool of still brown water. "You're going to be able to get the dress, aren't you Janie?" Her voice was rising. "I told you about it the first day and you promised."

"Oh, Ma will make me a dress all right, but I'll still be Janie Carlson and the others will be the characters in the play."

"I let you into this," Miss Ardman deliberated, looking ahead, "I'll have to see you through."

Hot tears stung Janie's cheeks. They walked together to the big red brick house where Miss Ardman boarded and into her room. It was, Janie thought, a lovely room, with its white ruffled curtains and matching spread. There was a desk with a shelf of books above it. Miss Ardman silently placed her books on the desk and opened the closet door. Slowly she removed a large zippered bag and opened the zipper and removed a dress from inside.

JANIE'S mouth snapped open again. In all her dreams she had never thought of such a dress. It was made of yards and yards of frosty white organdy embroidered in red dots the color of a cluster of shining cherries caught in the red velvet of the tiny waist band. The bodice was close fitting and cut from the shoulders. And there was a filmy plaited bertha to frame the face. Out of the bottom of the bag, Miss Ardman extracted a pair of red satin pumps. For all her naivete, Janie knew this dress would make the others look commonplace.

She sat on the floor, tears welling to her eyes. Her face was luminous with rapture as she asked, "I may wear it?"

Miss Ardman held the dress out, admiring its swirling folds. "I suppose I'm a fool to let you wear it," she said more to herself than to Janie. Her slender fingers caressed the folds of the skirt. "It's a special dress. I've never worn it. Mother sent it to me because all through college I didn't have a really pretty dress. Lack of money and lack of materials, but now the beautiful materials are back. I was saving it for the May Ball."

Janie knew what she meant. The May Ball was the biggest dance of the year in Ronsville.

"My fiance, he was a naval officer and now he is a medical student in his last year at the University, is coming," Miss Ardman said in a sudden burst of confidence. "I wanted him to see me in it first.

Janie nodded her head solemnly. She also knew that she was the first student to know about the fiance.

Miss Ardman smiled down at her serious face. "It will be your Cinderella dress, but midnight will come for you when the curtain falls. Don't forget it!" She placed the dress reverently back into the zippered bag.

Janie got to her feet, her face rapt and serious. "I promise," she said.

(To be concluded)

How to Make a Kapok Quilt

Ilean H. Poulson

ONE of the most attractive and useful gifts I have ever received was a kapok-filled baby quilt. It was given to me by my husband's mother when our first baby arrived nearly six years ago. Since then we have made three additional quilts of this type. They are favorites with our children because they combine attractiveness with unusual softness, warmth, and little weight.

Because of the scarcity of kapok during the war years we were able to made only small quilts. Adults who have used quilts filled with kapok claim that the insulating properties of this material make it equally useful for filling light summer quilts.

The following directions indicate the steps necessary to make the quilt. The same procedure can be used for a down-filled quilt if you are fortunate enough to possess enough down for the purpose.

Secure enough medium weight unbleached muslin or ordinary flour sacks to make a bag as wide as you wish the quilt to be made and twice the desired length. Fold across the center and join the ends, but do not join the sides of the quilt.

Machine stitch through the center, lengthwise. Then begin at one end and sew across the quilt at intervals of about eight inches to form two sets of deep pockets.

The pockets are then filled with kapok. I use one pound for a large crib quilt, less for smaller ones. Divide the kapok evenly among the pockets and sew the sides to prevent the escape of the down-like kapok. The kapok is then distributed evenly throughout each pocket and a row or two of loose basting stitches lengthwise through each pocket will aid in keeping it in place, preventing bunching. Machine stitching, especially if it is very close, reduces the softness of the finished quilt.

KAPOK quilts should not be washed. (Experience was my teacher, and a good one.) They do seem to enjoy frequent outings on the clotheslines to air and sun. Since it is essential that the cover be washed when used for infants, we made outside coverings that were removable and washable.

My favorite covering is a colorful patchwork top made of soft, bright percale scraps pieced together with flour sacks that were dyed bright yellow. The lining for this cover was also made from the same bright yellow material. Care must be taken to select only very soft materials for this purpose if the fluffy kapok is to show off to best advantage.

The cover and lining are placed with the right sides together and seamed along both sides and one end. Make sure that the quilt and the covering will fit perfectly by using the same measurements for

each. Then turn to the right side and slip the completed covering over the kapok-filled bag.

To complete the quilt, after the inner bag is properly fitted within the cover, close the open end of the cover, with small invisible stitches. The quilt is then tied with yarn in the same way that grandmother used to tie the heavy woolen quilts of her day. Quilting or tying this type of quilt too closely tends to pack the kapok. Therefore, it should be tied only where necessary to hold the inside bag and the cover in place. It then takes but a moment to snip the ties and remove the cover to launder it.

If, after use, the kapok becomes somewhat lumpy it can be fluffed by lightly pulling the lumps apart with the hands. This can easily be done without removing the cover.

Joanna

(*Continued from page 25*)

SHE noticed suddenly that the room had grown dark and that she had not heard the children for some time. She rose hastily and went in search of them.

They were at the far end of the block, watching a neighbor rake autumn leaves into a burning pile for the delight of his children. There were two of them. They raced around their father, shouting with delight when sparks showered around them. The man caught them and held them under each arm, laughing over them, pride in his face.

Joanna's children stood shyly back from the blaze, spectators only, taking the new role humbly.

"Children," Joanna cried, unaware of the tears scattering from her eyes. "It's time for supper. Did you forget? Let's have a race home."

They leaped around her like puppies. "Race! Race! Should we give Sally and Mike a head start?"

"Oh, yes. David, you and Penny get way back here. Farther, much farther." Her voice had a queer catch in it, but they didn't seem to notice. "Now, run!"

They sped away from her; leaves whirled up from their feet. She watched their fleeing forms. Penny ran like a doe, fleet and wild, her dark hair streamed behind her. David ran with his head down, his arms close at his sides. Michael laughed when he ran, spurts of laughter, pushed out of his fat body. Sally only pretended to run, not really interested in such a boisterous business.

Penny reached the porch first. She straddled the railing, waiting for Joanna. "Look, Mom, the street is pretty now. It gets pretty at night when the houses are hidden."

Joanna followed her daughter's

eyes. It was true. The houses were hidden by shadows, their windows were cheerful with the bright golden light streaming out of them. The dark night seemed caught in the black, stripped branches of the cottonwoods. Suddenly Joanna shivered. Winter was not far off, almost she could hear it, baying on the hills like a gaunt white wolf. She herded the children into the house, sent them to the bathroom to be washed by Penny. She warmed a casserole dish of stewed chicken and noodles, cleared the table and set it with her own preserves, with thick slices of homemade bread and with fresh country butter that one of the women had brought from Brigham.

The children sat in their accustomed places. They stared silently at the chair where their father had sat. Their small faces grew sharp. Joanna sat hastily in the vacant chair. She bowed her head. "David, you ask the blessing."

They ate hungrily, with the intense enjoyment of healthy children. Joanna watched them, her hands folded in her lap. Love and fear and loss shook her in turn. Suddenly she could bear it no longer, the smell of hot chicken, the singing of the kettle on the range, the children's lamplit faces.

She rose and went to her room. She knelt beside the rocker, her face leaning against the knuckles of her hands. Her breast seemed torn with the whispered cry " . . . I haven't anyone but thee. I know I have made mistakes, done foolish things . . . . . Forgive me and help me now, I humbly pray . . . ."

(To be continued)

ONCE REMEMBERED

Wanda Greene Nielson

I tried to ease my aching heart.
And turned from love away.
I never once remembered you
The first monotonous day.

I schooled my heart and trained my thoughts
So very well! At length
I took a stroll down memory's lane,
Just to test my strength.

Weighted to a burden,
Sharpened to a pain,
Love with its hurting
Is in my heart again.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1948, page 274.

HANDICRAFT, SEWING, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Elna P. Haymond.

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, NORTH INDIANA DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS PREPARE CLOTHING DISPLAY

Left to right: Second Counselor Hattie Prim, Peru Branch; First Counselor Rowena Steele, Fort Wayne; President Lenora Moody, Lafayette; District President Ruby Blombach; First Counselor (in district) Edna Terry; President Martha Hakes, South Bend.

In reporting on the children's dress project in her mission, President Elna P. Haymond writes: "The entire project (mission wide) has been completed . . . Many letters of appreciation for being asked to help with the project have come from the mission. The sisters have expressed joy and satisfaction in being able to give this service to the children in Europe. We received and sent to Germany 1020 dresses, forty slips, and some other articles, all of them new, and, for the most part, made by the sisters."

Photograph submitted by Maude F. Hanks

SALT LAKE STAKE (UTAH), FIVE PRESIDENTS WHO HAVE RENDERED LONG AND FAITHFUL SERVICE

Seated, left to right: Elizabeth C. Williams, seventh president (1927-1940); Nettie D. Bradford, fifth president (1917-1925); Hattie C. Jensen, fourth president (1915-1917); Sister Jensen passed away in April, soon after the photograph was taken.

Standing, Maude F. Hanks, present president, Salt Lake Stake Relief Society (1940-)

Other notable women who have ably directed the Relief Society of this pioneer stake are: M. Isabella Horne, Clarissa S. Williams, Harriet B. Harker, and Vilate N. Bennion.

Photograph submitted by Dora Thompson

POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, September 9, 1948

Lucille Denkers is stake chorister and Vena Hess, stake organist, at the pipe organ and Melba Richardson at the piano.

Helga Pugmire is president of Pocatello Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Rula W. Choules

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, MYRTLE BEACH BRANCH (SOUTH CAROLINA) RELIEF SOCIETY, WHICH HAS RECENTLY TREBLED ITS MEMBERSHIP

Front row, left to right: Elder James H. Bell, Jr.; Betty Jean Jennings; Hilmer Bair; Pauline Owens; Geraldine Owens; Mary E. Owens; Virginia Stalvey; Lucy Andrews; Lorraine Taylor; Doucille Smith; Elder Leland O. Anderson.

Back row, left to right: Delores Anderson; Inez Stalvey; Secretary Elma Bone; Second Counselor Vera Stalvey; President Alberta Bone; First Counselor Cordelia Jennings; Clare Bone; Ava Owens; Barbara Carroll.

On June 6, 1948, this society was organized with six members, which very soon increased to eighteen. They had made their Building Fund contribution by July 24th. They are participating in Welfare work, doing very fine work in their sewing layettes and quilts, and preparing for their bazaar.

Rula W. Choules is president of the Southern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Jennie Bylund

SANTAQUIN-TINTIC STAKE (UTAH) SANTAQUIN FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

The service of these eight former Relief Society presidents and the present president dates from 1925. At the present time they are all active in various phases of Relief Society work.

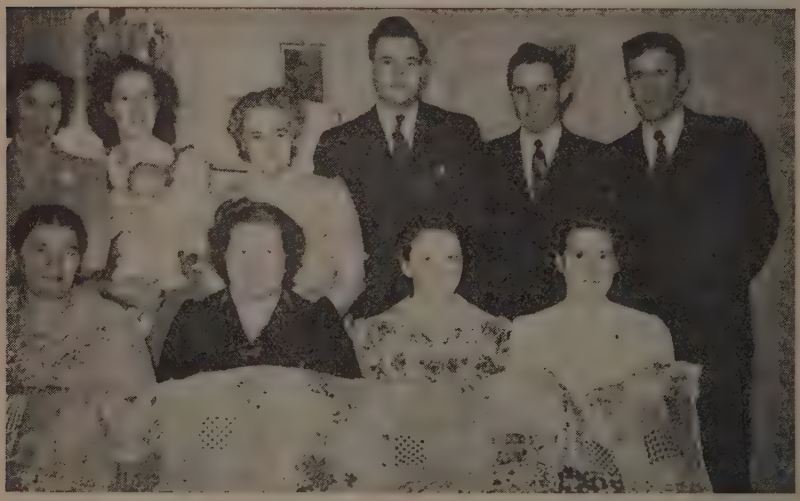
Front row, left to right: Mary H. Nelson; Clara J. G. Lemenar; Julia O. Peterson; Olive L. Greenhalgh; Erma K. Cloward; Trilma D. Jarvis.

Back row, left to right: Harriet C. Hudson; Mary J. D. Sylvester; Emma K. Wall, present president.

Photographs submitted by Ethel E. Bloomquist

SWEDISH MISSION, RUG WEAVING IN MALMO AND GOTEBORG

Sister Anderson of Malmo and Sister Wanja Nelson of Goteborg are shown weaving rugs for the Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ermadene Olsen

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, JUNCTION CITY (KANSAS) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS AND ELDERS

Front row, left to right: First Counselor Rose Hildebrand; President Etna Smith; Second Counselor Gerva Lichtliter; Joann Hoover.

Back row, left to right: Bird Corcoran; Lucy Ellis; Carrie Snyder; Elders Gailey, Ethington, and Jenkins.

The faithful sisters of this small branch are seen displaying a patchwork quilt which they made. This branch exceeded its building fund quota and the workers are devoted to all Relief Society activities.

Martha W. Brown is president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Vera Walker

YOUNG STAKE (NEW MEXICO), FARMINGTON WARD, EIGHT RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS, April 1, 1948

Left to right: Mae Cardon; Iretta Lee; Mae Schofield; Lydia Wade; Harriet Foutz, stake president; Lucy Burnham; Bessie McGee; Georgana Lillywhite, present president.

A social honoring these presidents was held in the newly completed Relief Society room. Each president was given a corsage of gold-colored flowers, tied with blue ribbon, the official colors of Relief Society. A tribute was paid to each president by First Counselor Lucy Foutz, and Stake President Harriet D. Foutz gave an instructive talk.

Photograph submitted by Belle Hadlock

NORTH WEBER STAKE (UTAH), RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND FASHION SHOW MODELS, April 25, 1948

Front row, left to right: Louis Dunn; Alice Barrett; Nancy Ann Price; Evelyn Hunter; Allen Barrett; Mabel Checketts; Beth Checketts; Ines Penrod, work meeting leader; Patsy Heslop; Anna Price; Delliah Larsen, work meeting leader; Linda Wright; Dora Knight, work meeting leader; Katherine Knight; Janice Stratford; Lynn Burrows.

Back row, left to right, work meeting leaders: Vera Stratford; Aleine Stratford; Elizabeth Gibson; Dorthea Shutts. Models Beth Gibson and Charollette Green; Leila Heslop; First Counselor Mary Russell; President Melva Stratford; Second Counselor Amanda Hancock; stake work meeting leader, Belle Hadlock; ward work meeting leaders, Rose Hadley and Ethel Williams; Mary Wiggens; Edna Stewart.

Melva O. Stratford is president of North Weber Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ruby S. Hunn

SHARON STAKE (UTAH), EDGEMONT WARD PRESIDENTS HONORED AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 1948

Left to right: Eva G. Gillespie (1926-1928); Margaret G. Pulsipher (1928-1929); Elizabeth B. Ferguson (1929-1932); Loia W. Wiscombe (1932-1935); Racheal H. Mecham (1938-1941); Joella L. Baum (1941-1945); Bernice L. Faulkner (1945-1947); Almira T. Johnson (1947-).

LaVern D. Jone, who served from 1935 to 1938, is deceased.

Ruby S. Hunn is president of Sharon Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mabel A. Price

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES MISSION, GOLDSBORO (NORTH CAROLINA) RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Seated, front row, left to right: First Counselor Roberta Buck; Second Counselor Mattie Cuddington; President Henrietta Cogdell.

Second row, seated left to right: Eula Cogdell; Bertie Epps; Alice Cogdell; Billy Aycock; Henrietta Ham; Everette Carr.

Back row, standing, left to right: Nancy Sholar; Bertha Carr; Mildred Malfass.

Note the display of beautiful handwork, the beautifully made quilts, the rugs, and the aprons. This branch is devoted to the work of Relief Society, and they are united and happy in their activities.

Mabel A. Price is president of the Central Atlantic States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Orlinda N. Ware

EMERY STAKE (UTAH), CLEVELAND WARD, SEVEN RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Left to right: Rosanna R. Anderson; Ida Mortensen; Kate Erickson; Charlotte Larsen; Grace E. Stokes; Helga Stokes; Alice Larsen.

Rosanna R. Anderson is the present president of Cleveland Ward Relief Society and Orlinda N. Ware is stake president.

Photograph submitted by Victoria Lyon

WEST JORDAN STAKE (UTAH), BINGHAM WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ASSEMBLED FOR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS ORGANIZATION
April 27, 1948

Second row, standing, left to right: MaRee Nelson, sewing instructor; Hannah Sanderson, assistant secretary; Nora Austin, organist; Maurine Nichols, nursery class leader; Edna Thomas, chorister; Evelyn Rawlings, theology class leader; Rela Beckstead, stake counselor; Stake President Dora B. Callicott; Ward President Victoria R. Lyon; First Counselor Elfie Reid; Second Counselor Crysta Woodland; Lovantha Garrett, visiting teachers' class leader; Florence Jenkins, assistant to work director; Blanche Reid, literature class leader; Mary Raby, social science leader; Ruth Jacques; Willadeen Householder.

Seated in the front row are other officers and teachers, including several former presidents and counselors.

Photograph submitted by Alice Carlin

GRIDLEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA) GRIDLEY WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS MAKE 100% RECORD (October 1947-September 1948)

Front row, left to right: Pearl Tolly; May Farnsworth; Pansy Gardner; Florence Keith; Ethel Smith; Yvonne Cameron; Barbara Price; Myrtle Clyde; Fayette Sorenson; Edna Richins; Second Counselor Helen Jo Stoddard; President Alice Carlin; First Counselor Eulalia Jensen.

Second row, left to right: Bessie Sonnor; Agnes Shirley; Lillis Jones; Gertrude Scott; Reba Quist; Maud Rice; Nellie Richins; Dora Davenport; Ludeen Waters.

Third row, left to right: Selma Walton, Rowena Rice; Hannah Gottiker; Modean Marler; Rachel Bate; Fay Sorenson; Mamie Little; Jane Scott.

Fourth row, left to right: Elda Kelley; Grace Thorpe; Dorothy Fife; Katy Cameron; Martha Stewart.

Alice I. Ferrin is president of Gridley Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Maud E. Groscost

TOOELE STAKE (UTAH) TOOELE FIFTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 15, 1948

Front row, left to right: Nellie Gordon (1934-36); Mary Eckman (1936-39); Leona Boyce (1939); Florence Johnson (1939-1940); Lucille Orme (1940-41 and 1943-45); Jennie Wallin (1941-43).

Back row, left to right: Sadie Smith (1923-34); Addie Vowles (1919-23); Effie Lindberg, representing her mother, Susanna Dunn (1912-1916); Alice McLaws, representing her mother, Sarah Marsden (1916-19); Margaret Wright, present president; Hazel Smith (1945-47).

Each of the ten presidents and the two women representing the deceased presidents, were presented with corsages and each responded with a toast.

Emma R. Hanks is president of Tooele Stake Relief Society.

The Conductor and the Accompanist

Florence Jepperson Madsen
Member, Relief Society General Board

THE conductor is primarily a teacher. To be a successful teacher one must be progressive and to be progressive one must constantly study. This study should be directed toward the acquisition of added knowledge pertaining to the leadership intended. Such knowledge may be gained from various sources. To be properly and fully effective these sources must be reliable. They may be in the form of music teachers, lecturers, books, records, radios, etc.

One of the very best means of gaining musical knowledge is through the study of the piano and the organ. Even in remote places a school music teacher or supervisor may be found who can be induced to teach the fundamentals of music either privately or to a group.

The library in any sizable community should have on its shelves a few good music textbooks for study. If such books are not immediately available they can often be secured through a request to the librarian. A music magazine such as *The Etude* is most helpful. It contains very valuable information in the various branches of musical education.

Some of the necessary qualities a conductor should possess are: musicianship, dynamic and inspiring personality, congeniality, patience, humor, quick discernment, self-control, tactfulness, appreciation, impartiality, and administrative ability.

The position of the accompanist is of parallel importance with that of the conductor. In order to successfully fulfill the requirements of this position the accompanist should have adequate musical training, with special emphasis on piano or organ or both. This training should include ample technique and sufficient skill to read and play at sight compositions of, at least, moderate difficulty. Like the conductor, the accompanist should continually study and practice toward greater efficiency in musical performance. This broader training should also include a knowledge of conducting and singing.

The major responsibilities and qualifications of the accompanist may be summed up as follows:

1. To assist the conductor in the performance of her duties and even function as a conductor when needed.
2. To furnish the necessary accompaniment.
3. To help establish and maintain the appropriate rhythmical background of a composition.
4. To play accurately and support adequately the various vocal parts as needed in a rehearsal.
5. To assist in effecting the correct tempos, attacks, dynamics, releases, and to help in bringing about suitable word, chord, and phrase nuances.
6. Finally in order to be of maximum service in the interpretation of a song,

the accompanist should be thoroughly familiar with the text of the composition.

It should be remembered that often the accompanist has had more musical training than the conductor and can, therefore, if given opportunity, make vital contributions to the success of the organization.

Thus it is seen that the responsibilities and qualifications of the conductor and the accompanist are extensive and very closely interwoven.

[Note: The short articles on music which appear in the *Magazine* may form the basis for the discussion in the choristers' and organists' department at union meeting.]

All in a Day's Pleasure

Helen Martin

I always throw the crumbs from the table in front of my kitchen window. When I am washing my dishes the birds keep me company. They do love my crumbs and I love their chatter. I always have flocks of my feathered friends waiting in the lilac bushes for my morning offering.

Cookies! Don't you love them, but don't you hate to roll them out? I don't roll cookies any more. I just drop them by teaspoonfuls onto the baking sheet. Then I put a clean cloth over a glass tumbler, wet the cloth (not too wet) and gently press down the dough. It makes lovely round cookies. If I keep the cloth just wet enough it never sticks.

My youngest son never hangs anything up! So when I find his school pants gone from his favorite chair, or his shirt hung up, I investigate. There it is—a tear in the knee of his best school pants! When I ask him about it, it is always the other fellow who pushed him down. *He* is the fellow, though, who has to pay for the damage by doing an extra job around the house every night and morning for two weeks.

This same youngster can never keep his shirt tail in nor his hair combed. There never was a "doings" of any kind that I didn't have to go up the last minute and straighten him up.

THE VIGIL

Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

The walls are looped with cobwebs;
Each window shade's awry;
The fire-grate is broken;
The shrubs outside are dry.

A smell of musty dankness
Pervades the lonesome air,
But I feel a something precious
That still is lingering there.

This was a home—a sanctum—
Where a spirit came to be,
Composed of part of each of us
Who were a family.

And so, tonight, returning,
Alone, reluctantly,
I find that spirit waiting
And bless its permanency.

NEW YEAR

Christie Lund Coles

Now as the old year dies
Let us forget
The aching bitterness,
The sharp regret;

The moment when it seemed
The heart must break,
The emptiness of loss,
The lonely ache.

Now as the old year dies
Let us pretend
The past has really come
To this swift end.

And let us hold the faith
Till it is true
That this hour is the start
Of a year . . . *New!*

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 15—"The Transfiguration"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapter 23, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, April 5, 1949

Objective: To become acquainted with one of the outstanding events of the Savior's earthly ministry.

Note: All quotations which are not followed by references are taken from the text *Jesus the Christ*.

ABOUT a week after the apostles had been given the testimony that "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God," the Savior took Peter, James, and John and went with them to a high mountain. There the three apostles were permitted to witness a heavenly manifestation, which is probably without a parallel in history. They were witnesses to the Transfiguration of Christ. The mountain on which the transfiguration occurred is not definitely known. It was probably Mt. Hermon in the northerly part of Palestine.

One purpose of the Lord in going to the mountain was to engage in prayer. While he was thus engaged, the three apostles fell asleep. Great glory came upon the Lord while he prayed, ". . . and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light" (Matt. 17:2). The apostles were awakened by the "surpassing splendor of the scene." They were permitted to behold their Lord in a glory they had not seen before. With him were two other personages, Moses and Elias, "who appeared in glory." These two were talking with Jesus. Let us get the reality of the glorious scene. Two men who had once lived upon the earth but had since passed from earthly scenes, were back now in a state of "glorified radiance," talking to the Being they had served so well. They were talking with the Christ concerning "his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." Undoubtedly the three apostles were bewildered. Who would not be? As the two visitors were about to leave, "Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias: not knowing what he said." This remark, made by Peter, may have been occasioned because of the custom to erect a small booth of wattled boughs for each worshiper at the Feast of the Tabernacles.

From a Painting by Plockhorst

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

This permitted each worshiper to have some little privacy. Peter probably wanted to delay the departure of these two great characters. Moses has always been held in the highest esteem by the Jews.

But even as Peter spoke, ". . . behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." It was the Eternal Father speaking. When they heard the voice from the Majesty on high, the apostles ". . . fell on their face, and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid." How can we read this account and not recognize that both Father and Son exist as separate entities? In effect, the same things had been spoken at the time John baptized Jesus. Here again the voice of Elohim proclaims to other witnesses, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him" (Matt. 17: 5-7).

After the two prophets had departed, Jesus told the three apostles that they were not to speak to anyone about the manifestation until after he had arisen from the dead. It was this reference to his rising from the dead that puzzled and sorely grieved them. It was difficult for them to grasp the full significance of the statement. Reluctantly, they were beginning to realize that their beloved Master was to ". . . suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests, and scribes and be killed, and after three days rise again" (Mark 8:31). The peculiar wording used in describing the exalted conversation between the three glorified personages is somewhat hard to understand. The decease mentioned evidently referred to what the Lord would accomplish rather than the death he would suffer. "The Greek word of which 'decease' appears as the English equivalent in many of the manuscripts of the gospels, is one connoting 'exodus' or 'departure.'" In some versions it also signifies glory. "So also the Greek original of 'accomplish,' in the account of the Transfiguration, connotes the successful filling out or completion of a specific undertaking, and not distinctively the act of dying."

> The "decease" that the Savior was then so soon to accomplish was the voluntary surrender of his life in fulfilment of a purpose at once exalted and foreordained, not a death by which He would passively die through conditions beyond His control. . . . He died a willing sacrifice for sin.

Even after the glorious experience of the transfiguration, it was difficult for the apostles to grasp the significance of the statement, "Jesus would rise again." The idea of the resurrection seemed vague in their minds. "And they kept that saying with themselves, questioning one with another what the rising from the dead should mean" (Mark 9: 10). We learn largely by comparison. Nothing had happened in the entire history of the Jewish people, and certainly not in the lives of the apostles, with which they could compare the startling doctrine of the resurrection. They could tell no man of their experiences on the Mount, if they followed the instructions of the Master. This kept the others of the Twelve from knowing

anything concerning the experience until after the death of the Lord.

After the Lord had been resurrected and ascended to his Father and ". . . sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high" (Heb. 1:3), Peter told the Church of the wondrous experience:

> For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eyewitnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount (II Peter 1:16-18).

All of the reasons for the transfiguration may not be comprehended by the human mind. Of course, the divine purpose was known to Jesus. The splendor and glory of the manifestation were encouraging and strengthening to him. He needed strength for the ordeal ahead of him. He was now on the verge of the "valley of the shadow of death." He needed succor and strength. The Prophet Joseph said, "The Savior, Moses, and Elias gave the keys to Peter, James, and John, on the mount, when they were transfigured before him" (D.H.C. III, page 387). The following verse (D. & C. 63:21) is of interest in this connection "when the earth shall be transfigured, even according to the pattern which was shown unto mine apostles upon the mount; of which account the fulness ye have not yet received." Jesus had again heard the voice of his Father. He had received the supreme assurance that his Father was well pleased with him. This must have been upbuilding and have given him courage for the future. "A new dispensation had been established, that of the gospel, for which the law and the prophets had been but preparatory."

As the four walked down the mountain side, after the transfiguration, the apostles asked Jesus, ". . . Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come?" Jesus explained to them that Elias would come first before the advent of the Lord in his glory. He added, "But I say unto you, That Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them. Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist" (Matt. 17:10-13). From the reading of the scriptures it is plain that John did officiate in the spirit and power of Elias in the work he did as the forerunner of Christ. The angel Gabriel had announced this to Zacharias. (Read Luke 1:17.) However, John the Baptist and Elias and Elijah were not the same individuals. If we remember, there is no attempt by the writers of the New Testament to distinguish between Elijah the Tishbite—the man who was taken into heaven without tasting death —and any other man named Elias, it may help to remove the difficulty of understanding the scriptures on this point. It is still more clear if we remember that the name Elias is both a personal name and a title. The name Elijah is the Hebrew form; in Greek it is written Elias, where Elijah is mentioned, so that in the Old Testament we have the one form and in the New the other.

Both Elias and Elijah appeared to Joseph Smith in the Kirtland Temple in 1836 (See D. & C. section 110). They each conferred separate keys and authority. It was Elijah who conferred the authority to "turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers," as Malachi predicted (Mal. 4:5-6). John the Baptist acted only as a forerunner and held the Aaronic Priesthood. Elijah held the Melchizedek Priesthood and committed to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery the power to fulfill the prophecy of Malachi.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Why was the transfiguration of the Savior one of the greatest heavenly manifestations of all time?
2. Describe the events and name the characters present on the occasion.
3. Tell of the visit of Moses, Elias, and Elijah in the Kirtland Temple in 1836.

Visiting Teachers Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 7—"I Will Not Leave You Comfortless"

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, April 5, 1949

Objective: To point out that we are not left comfortless because of our sure knowledge, through Christ's teachings and the Holy Ghost, of the resurrection.

OUR Savior knew the sorrows of life, and especially was he aware of the void and the anguish men must know when death parts them from a loved one. Prior to his crucifixion, in his last discourse with his apostles, he softened the trial of parting which faced them all, with words of comfort. "Let not your heart be troubled," he said, "ye believe in God, believe also in me" (John 14:1). Here lies the key to solace in earthly grief. Christ preached over and over of the surety of the resurrection, and by believing in him we know that he spoke the truth.

How near to us he seems when he says: "In my Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am there ye may be also" (John 14:2-3).

It is hard for even the unbeliever to accept death as final. The desire to meet his loved ones again is there, but the absolute knowledge that he will do so is lacking. This is because the unbeliever knows not the Comforter whom Christ promised his apostles, would be sent.

> And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter . . . whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you (John 14:16-17).

To them he also said:

> Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid (John 14:27).

"I will not leave you comfortless" (John 14:18).

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Use Your Odds and Ends

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, April 12, 1949

THE small, seemingly inconsequential things can add up to a staggering total when taken all together. Minor savings effected here and there with regularity may mean a very substantial total saving for the family budget. So get the habit of never throwing anything away that can be used. After a dress is worn out, cut off snaps, zippers, buttons, etc., and save them with the possibility of using them again. The snaps can be snapped onto a card or paper so they won't get separated or lost. Have a separate button box for used buttons, because in a family there is always need for odd buttons for shirts, underclothing, and dresses. Ornamental buttons are very expensive and often the button box will yield just the thing that is needed, thereby saving extra expenditure of money. Zippers, too, can be re-used and should always be saved. Buckles and other trimming need not be thrown away just because a dress is worn out. Many elaborate and expensive effects have been achieved with the passementerie or braid from grandmother's gowns.

With a little originality, clever and attractive buttons and trimmings can be fashioned from odd bits of felt, leather, old beads, etc. Some of the cleverest buttons are those made from cord or tubing of material twisted into odd shapes and patterns. Vari-colored pieces of felt, embroidered or trimmed with beads, may also serve as buttons. Odd beads and old buttons can easily be fashioned into earrings by buying the base in a notions department and fastening the bead or button to it with good household cement.

Old gloves can be made into clever trimmings for dresses in the form of lapel gadgets. Cut out an awkward horse or a sly fox, stuff him, fasten to a pin, and wear on the lapel of a coat.

Household linens can be carefully guarded and salvaged for further use after they have ceased to function in their original capacity. Bed sheets wear out in the center while they are still strong around the outside. Good pillow cases can be made fom these portions or they may be used for crib sheets.

The better parts of old tablecloths can be hemmed or fringed and used for napkins and place mats. If they are not usable as napkins, remember that linen is very absorbent and makes ideal dish cloths. Then, after they are too far gone for anything else, they are perfect as cleaning cloths, especially for washing windows.

So learn to make all of your clothing and household linens lead a double life. Get the make-over, use over habit!

Literature—Literature of the Latter-day Saints

Literature of the Gospel Restoration

Lesson 7—Literary Sidelights of the Founding Years

Elder Howard R. Driggs

For Tuesday, April 19, 1949

MINUTES of meetings, diaries, letters, biographical sketches, all afford interesting materials to bring one nearer to the developing years of our Church. Often these more or less informal writings become literature in an artistic sense. This when the writer, faithful to the facts, records significant sayings, important incidents, or gives descriptive lines to help humanize the story. From such well-written accounts, historians, authors, or others may get a truer picture of the ever-changing events and the characters who play important roles in the drama.

Latter-day Saints, under divine direction, have been, on the whole, conscientious record keepers. Not only have the vital facts connected with the growth of the Church and its various auxiliaries been quite faithfully recorded, but missionaries have consistently kept their diaries. Further, members have been encouraged to keep their own personal journals. As a result, the Historian's office of our Church has become a treasure-trove of vital value for seekers after truth.

Letters, saved by appreciative ones, are also a rich source of what may be called living literature. Before the telegraph, telephone, and radio, the main means of communication was through correspondence. Often the gospel was "preached" by letters to relatives and dear friends, the saints enjoying its blessings were ever anxious that their loved ones might "embrace the New Covenant," as the Prophet Joseph expresses it in a letter to his Uncle Silas:

Kirtland Mills, Ohio,
September 26, 1833

Respected Uncle Silas:

It is with feelings of deep interest for the welfare of mankind which fill my mind on the reflection that all were formed by the hand of Him who will call the same to give an impartial account of all their works . . . that I take up my pen and seat myself in an attitude to address a few, though imperfect, lines to you for your perusal . . . .

Seeing that the Lord has never given the world to understand, by anything heretofore revealed, that he had ceased forever to speak to his creatures, when sought unto in a proper manner, why should it be thought a thing incredible that he should be pleased to speak again in these last days for their salvation? . . . .

I may believe that Enoch walked with God, and by faith was translated. I may believe that Noah was a perfect man in his generation, and also walked with God. I may believe that Abraham communed with God, and conversed with angels. I may believe that Isaac obtained a renewal of the covenant made to Abraham by the direct voice of the Lord. I may believe that Jacob conversed with holy angels, and heard the word of his Maker, that he wrestled with the angel until he prevailed, and obtained a blessing . . . . But will all this purchase an assurance for me, and waft me to the regions of eternal day,

with my garments spotless, pure, and white? Or, must I not rather obtain for myself, by my own faith and diligence in keeping the commandments of the Lord, an assurance of salvation for myself? And have I not an equal privilege with the ancient saints? And will not the Lord hear my prayers, and listen to my cries as soon as he ever did theirs, if I come to him in the manner they did? Or, is he a respecter of persons?

I must now close this subject for the want of time . . . . We would be pleased to see you in Kirtland; and more pleased to have you embrace the New Covenant.

I remain, yours affectionately,
Joseph Smith, Jun.

(*History Of Joseph Smith By His Mother Lucy Mack Smith*, chap. 44, pp. 232-237).

Some of our pioneers cultivated the art of letter writing to a high degree of excellence. Happily, they also took pride in their penmanship, and the paper they used was generally of lasting quality. Many a letter, or a packet of them, has been the source of invaluable help to historians and to literary writers.

Through these various means of preserving the past in its verities, one may more truly relive stirring scenes in the story of our Church. We have already done so in our lessons on the beginnings of the divine work. Let us carry forward now by getting closer to what may be called the Ohio-Missouri period.

A time of intense activity—of stress and distress, it was, for the Latter-day Saints.

First of all there was the double transplanting of the new Church—one part to Kirtland, Ohio; the other to Independence, Missouri. This was no light task, as we are shown vividly through the story Lucy Smith, mother of the Prophet, has left for us. While the menfolk of the family had gone ahead overland to prepare the way, she was entrusted with a major responsibility of bringing mothers and children by way of the Erie Canal, by boat over Lake Erie, to Ohio. Her fervor for the restored gospel, her undaunted spirit and courage to meet emergencies, her leadership where men failed—all vibrate through her sincere story—and impress us with those same qualities possessed by her eminent son.

A reading of chapter 38 of the little volume *History Of Joseph Smith By His Mother Lucy Mack Smith* will serve to help make the story, and the character of Mother Smith live again.

Outstanding among the newly made converts in this Ohio center was Sidney Rigdon. Through the years this man was to perform a helpful part in forwarding, under the leadership of the Prophet, the work of the Lord. Indeed so close was their relationship during the developing days of the Church, that critics began to link Rigdon's name with the creating of the *Book of Mormon*. John, a son of Sidney Rigdon, ran into this story when he was out West in 1863. This tale disturbed the son so much that he determined to learn from his father the truth; so he returned to his old home, and happily found both of his parents still hale and clear of mind.

"You have been charged," said the earnest son to his aged father, "with writing the *Book of Mormon*, and giving it to Joseph Smith to introduce to the world. You have always told me the story that you never saw the book until it was presented to you by Parley P. Pratt and Oliver Cowdery; and all you ever knew of the origin of that book was what they told you, and what Joseph Smith and the witnesses who claimed to have seen the plates told you.

Is this true? If so, all right; if it is not, you owe it to me and to your family to tell it. You are an old man and you will soon pass away, and I wish to know if Joseph Smith, in your intimacy with him for fourteen years, has not said something to you that led you to believe he obtained the book in some other way than what he had told you. Give me all that you know about it, that I may know the truth."

My father, after I had finished saying what I have repeated above, looked at me for a moment, raised his hand above his head, and slowly said, with tears glistening in his eyes: "My son, I can swear before high heaven that what I have told you about the origin of that book is true. Your mother and sister, Mrs. Athalia Robinson, were present when that book was handed to me in Mentor, Ohio, and all I ever knew about the origin of that book was what Parley P. Pratt, Oliver Cowdery, Joseph Smith, and the witnesses who claimed they saw the plates have told me, and in all of my intimacy with Joseph Smith he never told me but one story, and that was that he had found it engraved upon gold plates in a hill near Palmyra, and that an angel had appeared to him and directed him where to find it; and I have never, to you or any one else, told but the one story, and that I now repeat to you." I believed him, and now believe him. He also said that Mormonism was true; that Joseph Smith was a Prophet, and that the world would find it out some day.

Out of the persecutions of this period, Amanda Smith gives the principal thread of the Haun's Mill Massacre. Among other things she relates:

In our utter desolation, what could we women do but pray? Prayer was our only source of comfort; our Heavenly Father our only helper. None but he could save and deliver us . . . Our prayers were hushed in terror. We dared not let our voices be heard in the house in supplication. I could pray in my bed or in silence, but I could not live thus long. This godless silence was more intolerable than had been that night of the massacre.

I could bear it no longer. I pined to hear once more my own voice in petition to my Heavenly Father.

I stole down into a corn field, and crawled into a "stout of corn." It was the temple of the Lord to me at that moment. I prayed aloud and most fervently.

When I emerged from the corn a voice spoke to me. It was a voice as plain as I ever heard one. It was no silent, strong impression of the spirit, but a voice, repeating a verse of the saint's hymn:

That soul who on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I cannot, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

From that moment I had no more fear. I felt that nothing could hurt me. (*The Women of Mormondom*, chap. XV, pp. 129, 130).

Dramatic moments connected with the testing, tragic years of the Ohio-Missouri period might be multiplied. One such stirring event is the escape from a Missouri jail, told by Parley P. Pratt in his *Autobiography*:

Our friends who had stood waiting in the thicket, had watched the last rays of the sun as they faded away, and had observed the quiet stillness of the evening as it began to steal over the distant village where we were confined, and had listened with almost breathless anxiety for the first sound which was to set all things in commotion, and which would say to them in language not to be misunderstood, that the struggle had commenced. For some moments after the last golden beam had disappeared they listened in vain. The occasional lowing of a cow as she came home from the woodland pasture, impatient for her calf and the milkmaid to ease her of her rich burthen; the mingled sound of human voices in the distance in common conversation, the merry laugh of the young beaux and their sweethearts, the quiet song of the whippoorwill, mingled with the merry notes of the violin, the thrill of the bugle, or the soft and plaintive notes of the flute, stole upon the si-

lence of the evening, and were occasionally interrupted by the clatter of hoofs, as a few of the citizens were retiring from the enjoyments of a public day to their own peaceful homes in the country. These, and the beatings of their anxious and almost bursting hearts, were the only sounds which fell upon their ear, till suddenly they heard a rumbling and confused noise, as of footsteps rushing down the stairs of a prison, then a shrill cry of alarm from Mrs. Diffidence, the giantess, and soon followed by the shouts and rush of men, dogs, horses and prisoners towards the spot where they were located. They then sprang forward to the edge of the fields and ran back again to the horses, and again returned, as if the using of their own limbs would serve to add nimbleness to those of the prisoners, and to quicken their speed.

(*Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt*—Escape from a Missouri Jail—chap. XXXII, pp. 276-277).

The Prophet was in jail with Parley P. Pratt. The memory of that experience prompted him to write this lovely expression:

Those who have not been enclosed within the walls of prison without cause or provocation, can have but little idea how sweet the voice of a friend is! One token of friendship from any source whatever, awakens and calls into action every sympathetic feeling; it brings up in an instant everything that is past; it seizes the present with the avidity of lightning; it grasps after the future with the fierceness of a tiger; it moves the mind backward and forward, from one thing to another, until finally all enmity, malice, hatred, and past differences, misunderstandings and mismanagements, are slain victorious at the feet of hope (Rich, Ben E., *Scrapbook of Mormon Literature*, II, page 28).

Any of the following incidents of this period may be read with profit:

Brigham Young's First Meeting with the Prophet—and his after bold stand for this great leader before disloyal ones plotting to depose Joseph Smith (See *Brigham Young, the Man and His Work*, Preston Nibley, pp. 10-11, 18-19).

Dedication of the Kirtland Temple—Heavenly manifestations—Singing of the "Hosanna Hymn" created by W. W. Phelps for the occasion (See *Comprehensive History of the Church*, B. H. Roberts I, pp. 389-391).

Beginning of the Land of Zion of the Last Days—Foundation of first house laid with ceremony—Temple site dedicated—impressive instructions (See *Comprehensive History of the Church*, B. H. Roberts, I, pp. 255-258).

Heroism in Face of Mob Violence—Bishop Edward Partridge and Charles Allen, refusing to renounce faith, tortured—Others offer lives as ransom (See *Comprehensive History of the Church*, B. H. Roberts, I, pp. 332-333 and 337-339).

Through the years of tragedy and testing, the Prophet—God-inspired and protected—came with heroic stature. Trusted friends at times failed him, yet others stood the searching test and became stalwarts for the carrying forward of the work of the Lord.

And some eminent ones who strayed away returned humbly to the fold. Among the treasured memories of William M. Frampton, father of Eva Frampton Driggs, wife of the writer, is the following story, written as this brother told it:

When I was seventeen years of age living with my mother, Laura Farnsworth Frampton, near old Kanesville, Iowa, I went one Sabbath with her to the old meeting house in that frontier town. Apostle Orson Hyde was presiding. A stranger was on the stand with him.

After the opening exercises and the administering of the Sacrament, Apostle Hyde arose, and gave us all a spiritual thrill, by introducing the stranger—one who had played a most helpful part in the restoring of the Gospel of these latter-days—his friend and associate through earlier years, Oliver Cowdery.

"Yes, I am Oliver Cowdery," the speaker began. "I was close to the Prophet through the time when he, under the di-

rection of God and His Son Jesus Christ, and with the help of Angels, brought back the Gospel of our Savior to the earth.

"With this right hand, holding it up, I wrote most of the Book of Mormon as it fell from the lips of the inspired Prophet, Joseph Smith. I was shown the Gold Plates by the Angel Moroni. That book is divinely true.

"Some say I apostatized. I never did apostatize. I simply stopped. I am here today to ask humbly to be taken back into the fold. I seek no office in this Church. I want to be with my brethren and to do all I can to help in this great work."

Dramatic incidents are what help bring the mighty meaning of the gospel to life. They are materials out of which literature, of the true and lasting kind may be created. Not all such living stories have yet found their way into our history, nor into worthy fiction, poetry, and drama. Years ahead will doubtless see such rich material woven into worthy literature.

Studies and Activities

1. What help to historians and writers of literature may often be found in diaries, letters, minutes of meetings and other first-hand records?
2. Be prepared to read some brief incidents you have found in an old letter or other source material, that help bring history to life.

FROM A HOSPITAL WINDOW

Evelyn Fjeldsted

I think that I could love that little path
That climbs the hillside like a sunlit stair
More than all the highways stretching far,
If only my two feet could take me there.

I could challenge all the storms of life
If I could walk along with you once more—
If we could go with buoyant rhythmic step
Across the fields where we have walked before.

If someday, I could walk again, my feet
As light and winged as once they seemed to be,
If I could claim the promise, "They shall run
And not be weary,"—then would I be free.

TO A SEEING-EYE DOG

Marvin Jones

You leave the sun-blanched beauty of your day
That breaks cleanly on time's white sand,
To walk with me along the pain-starred way
Of night—eyes in my hand . . . .

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Political Thought

Lesson 6—Contemporary Domestic Problems

Elder G. Homer Durham

For Tuesday, April 26, 1949

Objective: to recognize the limitations of the State in its ability to solve problems.

Note: *State* in this lesson refers to a nation.

THE modern State is a national State. There are two aspects to modern political problems: (1) the relationships men bear to the national State in internal affairs, and (2) the relations between national States (*international* relations) and *their* effects on men. The two aspects are inseparable in that both relationships affect people. Thus, American internal policy may favor the family; but if the United States comes into conflict with another State, war may result, and the family be disrupted. Thus, adequate political theory must offer guidance to men in both areas. Internal (domestic) problems will be discussed first.

Government, Social, and Economic Life

In the development of society, most governments have been forced to recognize the existence of other social institutions: the family, the church, fraternal associations, guilds, unions, corporations, and so forth. Under the doctrine of limited, constitutional government, it has been an ideal that government was not the only but *another* institution, characterized, however, by law and the function of adjudicating between groups, citizens, and itself. More and more, however, the modern State* has come to dominate the affairs of most of these other groups. For example, in most American states it is illegal to marry without medical certification. Such regulations have been self-imposed by the community on its members in the interests of the community. But if the state can impose medical certification, can it not prescribe that male red-heads under six feet in height can only marry female bru-

*Referring to a nation and not a state of the United States.

nettes weighing at least 128 pounds? Where is the line to be drawn? This is where the ancient concept of constitutional-legal limitations, of "limited government," comes in to guide the democratic process. Although the community is free to impose restrictions, it should also be conscious of its liberty to do so, and recognize the necessity of legal, orderly processes in approaching such problems. Only thus can the best welfare of the majority, as in the case of the pre-marital examination, be served and arbitrary mischief avoided. Even so, the task of government is always to strike the delicate balance between liberty, authority, and public welfare.

This demonstrates the importanee of political theory in evaluating contemporary policies! For when government is limited and responsible there is a tendency for all other groups to emulate the government.

What is happening in the modern world is that men everywhere look to the State for security, for "salvation" from all of their enemies, domestic and foreign. Let us look at this attitude somewhat more closely. What do most of the people you know look toward to solve the housing problem? The liquor problem? (Utah, in its department of Public Welfare, established an alcoholics board in 1947.) Public health? Wool and sugar prices? Strikes? Care of the aged? Unemployment? Can the State alone save a man from the effects of liquor, unemployment, old age, poor health? We should recognize that, although the State can *assist* in solving these problems, and that it may provide the primary solution for many of them, the fact remains that there are certain fundamental limits to the scope of everything. For example, men, history shows, can and will resist the State. As discussed in earlier pages, we have seen that God recognizes the liberty or free agency of men and will "force no man to heaven." So, a sound political doctrine, even if it deifies the State (as certain modern political doctrines do), should recognize that the State as State or the State even as "god," has limitations! Any scientific observation known to man recognizes that any principle of science operates within limits. But some men, rejecting a rational God who respects men's own personalities, and wanting to substitute therefor "a sure thing," rush pell-mell into the arms of not only the State but other equally misleading panaceas. As one having some experience with a well-established State function, public education, I know that the State cannot of itself force education! It can provide the best of schools, classrooms, books, and teachers. Some who attend will use their "liberty" to gain educational advantage. Others will show little more than the effects of exposure to all the resources the State may mobilize, educationally, on the student's behalf—including teachers who will collectively exhaust the tricks of the trade, known and unknown, to "reach" and stir up desire for self-action on the part of the student. Nearly all students can eventually be "reached" and motivated. But all State action does not typify the patience of a public school teacher.

The Communist—Socialist Attack

Notwithstanding these well-established facts of experience, certain political philosophies assume that materialism and environment wholely *determine*, rather than *influence* human behavior. Some therefore seek to establish the totalitarian State as the means of solving all human problems. Paraphrasing the scripture, they seem to say, "Cast thy burdens upon the State and it will sustain thee!" Usually their cause is advanced by the argument that until the State is all-powerful and can control and distribute all materials, mankind cannot really be free! This is like saying that people should never have come to Utah until the ditches were dug, the streets paved, the flowers planted, the lights turned on, and the tables set for ready-cooked feasts, piled high thereon! Some socialists, a few have recognized and are willing to abide by the scientific doctrine of limited government, but the communists accept the doctrine of the necessity of total State dictatorship as the way to man's temporal salvation. In return, it is evident that the men in those systems find they have all too often received slavery under the guise of promises of well-being.

The Values of Constitutional Government

The values of constitutional government have already been well marked out in this series. In summary, they may be expressed as follows:

1. Liberty for the maturing individual to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—including his home and property.

2. Liberty of real association in groups, including religious as well as diverse political parties and various economic groups which share the responsibilities of governing men and each other.

3. Freedom, with tolerance, to "proselyte," whether it be a corporation selling soap; a union selling memberships; a religion, or various colleges competing for students—with corresponding liberty of each individual to choose for himself or reject them all. This freedom embraces those of speech, press, person, religion, political and social association. And as a result—we have:

4. Freedom to choose and retire officers of government without fear or restraint.

5. Freedom to inquire and discover, in human experience and the media of inspiration, constant means of improving ourselves, our community, and our government. Finally:

6. The rule of law results from all these, imposing restraints and responsibilities on the individual, all groups, and the government, and setting up orderly procedures (jury trial, elections, the right of assembly and petition, judicial determination in open court) whereby rights may be secured. Government thus limited by law may become constitutional government.

Thus, in a constitutional system, "governments have a right to enact such laws as . . . are best calculated to secure the public interest" (D. & C. 134:5). Best calculated by whom? The people! And thus, constitutional or limited government, while never static nor confined to single objects, is always defined. And whatever is defined is under limitation and cannot be arbitrary without public notice. Thus human liberty is served. All this is guaranteed and made possible under constitutional government.

The Defense of Constitutional Government

The doctrine of human liberty and the necessity for organized human society combine and are reconciled in the concept of constitution-

al limitations. No constitution is static or rigid, nor is its meaning found in cant or form. The defense of constitutional government therefore lies (1) in the theoretical front, in men's minds and beliefs; (2) in practical politics; and (3) in governmental administration. The theoretical front is listed first so that it can be kept foremost, and so, in turn, permeate and guide the minds of men in regard to practical politics and the administration of government. Men who are dominated by and confronted with the doctrines of human liberty are bound, at some point, to give more than lip service to the same. There is a germ of truth in the socialist-communist analysis which recognizes economic self-interest as a human motive. Many men too dimly understand the institutional forces which influence and condition human behavior. Yet the supreme doctrine of individual responsibility helps a man (1) get the best, and (2) resist the worst, in his environment. And although environment is of signal importance, no doctrine of "group will" has yet proved as successful as a group will based on individual freedom. *It is as a group doctrine that individualism has its greatest significance*, for no man stands alone. American, including Latter-day Saint, utterance is filled with helps with which to defend, maintain, and (most important) *live* the principles of constitutional government.

Helps and Problems

1. President Joseph F. Smith's views on war, peace, and other problems are found in *Gospel Doctrine*, chapter 23.
2. "Religion and Constutional Liberty" is the title of chapter 14, *Discourses of Wilford Woodruff* (1946).
3. President John Taylor said, "God expects us to . . . maintain the principle of human rights" (*The Gospel Kingdom*, page 307). Why?
4. What is the political significance of the doctrine of free agency? (For a good discussion of free agency as a religious principle see *The Discourses of Brigham Young*, chapter 5).

BE STILL AND KNOW

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

When I have gone reluctantly to earth
And dust has shut away the flaming west,
The moon and stars beyond the mountain crest
And all loved things familiar from my youth,
Then, loosed from grief, I shall be mute to mirth.
No anguish of regret shall mar my rest;
No tears beneath my eyelids will be pressed.
What then will all my earthly dreams be worth?

It is enough that spirit never goes
Beneath the counterpane of dust, for man
Is born of God. Unlike the fading rose,
He lives beyond the dream of mortal plan.
My dust may help the seeds of spring to grow
But deathless spirit cries, *Be still and know.*

Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science—The First Presidencies

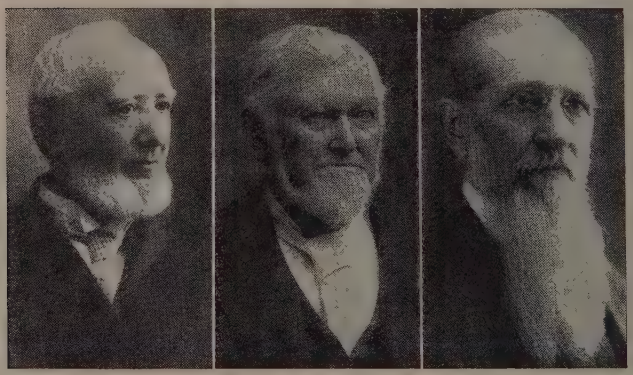
(Primarily for use outside Continental United States and its possessions)

Lesson 6—The Presidency of Wilford Woodruff

Elder T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, April 26, 1949

THE PRESIDENCY A UNIT—THE THREE ARE ONE



George Q. Cannon Wilford Woodruff Joseph F. Smith

Wilford Woodruff

WILFORD Woodruff, the fourth President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, descended from sturdy New England ancestors whose love of independence in religion had brought them to America in the seventeenth century. Although he was deeply religious he never formally affiliated himself with any of the existing churches as he found them to be lacking in the teachings and organization of the Church as described in the New Testament. Born in Farmington, Connecticut, March 1, 1807, he learned the trade of a flour miller at his father's mill and later became an independent operator. In 1832 he moved to New York State. The following year two missionaries preaching the restored gospel held a meeting in the schoolhouse in his vicinity and he attended. The spirit of revelation rested upon him and at the conclusion of the service he bore testimony to the assembly that the missionaries had brought them a true message. Two days later, December 31, 1833, he was baptized. He moved to Kirtland the following year and during the ensuing sixty-five years labored as one of the stalwart builders of the kingdom of God on earth.

One of the great accomplishments

of Wilford Woodruff was in the field of missionary activity. He filled many missions both in the United States and foreign lands. Altogether he traveled more than 175,000 miles and converted and baptized more than 2,000 souls during his public ministry. He is rated by historians as being one of the two most successful missionaries of the last dispensation, the other being Orson Pratt.

Elder Woodruff had another trait that was of inestimable value to the Church. He was one of the most faithful and accurate record keepers that ever walked this earth, recording almost daily without fail the events of his life and his personal reactions to the happenings of world history. It is due to the completeness of his journals that many of the facts and incidents of early Church history have been preserved.

In the field of pioneering he was also important. He was a robust man of great physical strength who insisted that we were commanded to labor as well as to pray. He loved physical toil and operated a twenty-acre farm south of Salt Lake even after he became President of the Church, doing much of the labor himself. In his mind, there was no distinction between physical, temporal, and religious aspects of life—they were all inseparably joined together in his thoughts. In Jackson and Caldwell counties, Missouri, and later in Illinois, he helped establish communities. The trek to the West saw him engaged in these same enterprises. It was in his carriage that Brigham Young rode during the closing days of the journey into Salt Lake Valley. Once in the Great Basin, his life was devoted to various aspects of pioneer development and he never lost contact with the soil and the people who tilled it. B. H. Roberts notes that Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, Erastus Snow, and Orson Pratt stand out as the four greatest pioneers of the Intermountain West.

Calamity and accidents, for some unexplained reason, appear to plague the lives of some individuals. Wilford Woodruff was one of these. The list of accidents and hardships he suffered, many of which almost took his life, is startling, yet in spite of these setbacks, he lived to a mature age and enjoyed great physical vigor. His favorite hymn was "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," which seemed to express his feeling that God was watching over him in spite of his difficulties and was preserving him for the work God had planned for him to accomplish.

Another characteristic of Elder Woodruff was his close communion with God through revelation. His journals record many dreams that revealed to him the will of God. He often felt so strongly inspired to do a certain thing, that he cast all reason and self-interest aside and followed the impression he had received, to learn that a remarkable result was achieved, although in the beginning he did not know what the consequences would be.

At the death of John Taylor in July 1887, Brother Woodruff, who had been president of the Council of the Twelve Apostles since 1880, assumed the direction of the Church affairs by virtue of this calling. The Council of the Twelve, under his direction, continued to function as the presiding council of the Church un-

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til April 1889, when the First Presidency was reorganized. President Woodruff was sustained as President and he selected the same two counselors who had so ably served President Taylor. The administration of President Woodruff was a remarkable one. He was eighty-two years of age at the time he became President. The Church was engaged in a struggle for its very existence.

The government had confiscated the Church properties and had disincorporated the Church, and its leaders had chosen to go into hiding in preference to receiving severe prison sentences for adhering to the principle of plural marriage.

It was at this critical time that President Woodruff issued the Manifesto based on a revelation which he had received, in September 1890, which made official declaration of the fact that the Church had discontinued the practice of plural marriage. At the following general conference of the Church held in October the Manifesto was accepted by the Latter-day Saints by unanimous vote. Thus it became binding upon the members of the Church.

Another work that characterized the administration of President Woodruff was the support he gave to Church education. The Church entered the educational field to provide its members with education beyond elementary years and established many academies, which later became high schools, throughout the length and breadth of the settlements made by the saints. President Woodruff gave his whole-hearted support to this movement and voted for liberal appropriations to further this work. He was also president un-

til his death of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, which carried on a positive educational program for the benefit of the youth of the Church.

Under his direction, the Salt Lake Temple was completed and dedicated in 1893. It had been revealed to him in a dream several years before, while he was seriously ill, that he would perform this dedication, though his advanced age would ordinarily have made this very unlikely, if not indeed impossible. However, this revelation was fulfilled when he was eighty-six years of age. In 1897 the Church celebrated the golden jubilee of the arrival of the pioneers in Salt Lake Valley and he, who a half-century before had driven Brigham Young into this barren waste, now presided at the great memorial celebration.

While sojourning in California for his health, he died on September 2, 1898, being in his ninety-second year. He had lived to see the Church pass through severe crises and emerge triumphant. Its missionary system was covering the major nations of the civilized earth and the saints were building beautiful cities, homes and places of worship, and were being abundantly blessed by the Lord.

Joseph F. Smith

In the previous lesson we referred to the work of George Q. Cannon, who was the first counselor to Presidents Taylor and Woodruff. We now should learn something more of the other counselor, Joseph F. Smith. His father, Hyrum, had been martyred when he was not yet six years of age. With his widowed mother Mary Fielding Smith and

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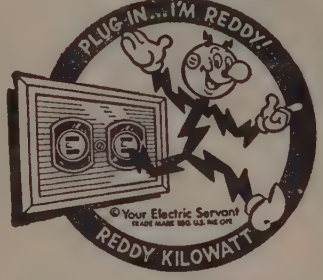

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67 years ago on January 16, 1882 (His 27th birthday) Joseph Wm. Taylor, eldest son of Joseph E. Taylor, started in the mortuary profession under his own name, after his return from a mission to the British Isles. Prior to that he had been associated with his father who was the Intermountain West's first mortician, appointed by President Brigham Young.

Joseph Wm. Taylor
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those dependent on her, he drove a team of oxen in a pioneer company to the Salt Lake Valley before he was ten. His mother died when he was thirteen and at the age of fifteen he went on a mission to Hawaii which lasted three years. He later filled other missions to both Great Britain and Hawaii. In 1866 he was ordained to the apostleship and became a member of the Council of the Twelve in 1867. Between his various missions, he served as a member of the City Council of Salt Lake. It was largely due to his efforts that Salt Lake City acquired both Liberty and Pioneer Parks, which survive as lasting memorials to his foresight.

Because of his strong testimony, sound judgment, and devotion to the cause of the Lord, President Taylor called him to be his second Counselor in 1880 and soon after, because of persecution, President Smith chose to retire from public life with other members of the Presidency. President Taylor sent him to Hawaii where he remained for some time. It was while there that he learned of and procured for publication the manuscript of Solomon Spaulding which had for more than a half century been proclaimed by enemies of the Church as the original of the Book of Mormon. The subsequent publication and its later deposition in Oberlin College Library, exploded the myth of the Spaulding origin of the Book of Mormon.

Returning to Utah, he was with President Taylor when he died. President Woodruff, hoping that something could be done to influence the federal government in its treatment of the Church, sent President Smith to Washington, D. C.

He spent much of 1888 and 1889 in the East, regulating Church financial and immigration affairs as well as interceding on behalf of the Church with government officials. He was unusually successful in these activities, which contributed to the ultimate amicable settlement of the difficulties with the government.

The life of Joseph F. Smith will be further treated in the lesson dealing with his presidency.

Questions and Problems for Discussion

1. How do you account for the fact that Wilford Woodruff was so sensitive to the promptings of the Spirit?
2. Review the section in Vol. VI, pp. 354-355 of Robert's *Comprehensive History of the Church, entitled* "The Place of President Woodruff's Journals in the Church."
3. During President Woodruff's administration the Fast Day was changed from the first Thursday to the first Sunday of the month. Why do you suppose this change was made?

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COLOR GUARD

Gladys I. Hamilton

The whitest things are mountain peaks,
All ermine-dressed in snow;
The reddest things are berry balls
Where the valley haw trees grow.
Then up above, the bluest thing
Is clearness of blue sky;
A color guard reminding me
That hope must never die!

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DO HEARTS GROW?

Josephine J. Harvey

They told me when I was small
That growing pains were part
Of growing tall.

I wonder how they would explain
This love I feel inside
Like a still, deep pain?

Could it be this is part
Of the growth
Of my heart?

LYRIC OF BEING

Ruth Harwood

Each day I try to write
The poem of my being
A little clearer
And a little higher.

Each day I ask for light,
To consecrate my seeing
A little nearer
To the holy fire!

From Near and Far

I wish to thank you for the splendid work you are doing for me and mine in providing us with such rich spiritual food. The prices of everything being so high, *The Relief Society Magazine* is the only monthly magazine that comes into our home, but we feel well nourished with its contents. My sincere gratitude goes to Margery S. Stewart for her story "Seasoning" (November 1948). I am Maury's type of girlhood, gratitude and sincere appreciation for others' kindness to me, even to the awkward ways of expressing it, and, like Elder Fenton, I feel the softening influence of the encouragement of Clara Wells to keep the light which God has kindled and don't let the world rob you of it. *The Relief Society Magazine* is the only periodical I know of that sustains, strengthens, and upholds the ideals, standards, and morals which the best people in every race love to follow. There is a kindred feeling in its messages and stories that very much resemble the atmosphere and environment of our heavenly home and parents.

—Mrs. Rhoda W. Thurston, Hyde Park, Utah

The lesson helps are invaluable, enabling the teacher and others to present the material in the best possible way. The visiting teachers' lessons are a distinct aid in this important work. I do appreciate their contents. *The Relief Society Magazine* was my first contact with the Church and helped to teach me the gospel of Jesus Christ. Thank you again and again. May God bless you abundantly and guide you daily in your work, and help you to guide others to him.

—Geneviève G. Scott, Baltimore, Maryland

You are doing a wonderful work with the *Magazine*. To me it is marvelous. I think the lessons have never been so wonderful as now. They are surely divinely inspired.

—Evva B. Barlow, Santa Monica, California

I hope you will accept my sincere thanks for our splendid *Relief Society Magazine*. It is a continual source of inspiration and help to all Latter-day Saint women. I especially like the story "Questing Lights" (concluded in December 1948) by Belle Watson Anderson, and I believe the lovely poem "Hillside Grain Field," (July 1948 Frontispiece poem) by Eva Willes Wangsgaard is one of the finest poems the *Magazine* has ever printed. The lessons for this year are very good. In brief, the whole *Magazine* is a treasure house of uplifting thoughts and practical aids.

—Dora E. Mostert, Port Byron, Illinois

I am sending you the little slogan we are using to help sell the *Magazine*. We like it and thought perhaps it might be used to help others: *The Relief Society Magazine* is the key to the heart. Subscribe today and get your "life-eternal" start.

—Susie V. Beutler, Homestead Ward, Sacramento (California) Stake

It has been a joy getting subscriptions for *The Relief Society Magazine*. Our list of subscriptions has grown. Any woman desiring good material to read needs the *Magazine*. I have been giving my free subscription to a new sister each year, and each one usually subscribes the following year. I find the sisters love their *Magazine*. It sells itself after one has read the contents. Many hearts have been made happy by this *Magazine*.

—Selma Hoffman

Lyndhurst Branch, Gresham, Wisconsin

I should like to take this opportunity to tell you how greatly I appreciate the *Magazine*. The articles are always just what is needed and the stories are so very interesting. Of course the poetry is cherished by everyone in our home. We all consider the *Magazine* an important, much-needed, well-balanced periodical.

—Jo Adelaide Stock, Salt Lake City, Utah

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